

*Psalmodia Germanica* : 2. 6.

OR, THE  
GERMAN PSALMODY.

Translated from the  
*HIGH DUTCH.*

TOGETHER  
With their proper TUNES, and  
thorough Bass.

*& Supplement, p. 187 &c*

---

*The THIRD EDITION,  
Corrected and very much Enlarged.*

---

*Non Vox, sed Votum, non Musica chordula sed  
Cor, non clamans, sed amans cantat in Aure  
Dei.*

---

LONDON, Printed



NEW-YORK, Re-printed, and sold by  
H. GAINÉ, at the *Bible & Crown*, in  
*Queen-Street*, 1756.



BV355  
.G3 P7  
1756  
Office



*To their Royal Highnesses the*  
PRINCE of WALES, *and the*  
PRINCESS ROYAL.

S I R,

THE Honour I gave my self, a few Years ago, to send into the World the first Edition of this Work, under the Auspices of *Your Royal Highness's* Name, being attended with your gracious Approbation, and a kind Reception of the Work in the World, I trust, on the still-rising Lustre of your Fame for all Princely Goodness and Virtue, that your *Royal Highness* will be graciously pleas'd, on Occasion of this Second Edition, to indulge me in the same Honour a Second Time.

But your *Royal Highness* sees, that I have ventur'd on this Occasion, to divide the Patronage of my Labour. To your Name, SIR, I have ventur'd to join that of the *Princess Royal*; humbly beseeching *Her Royal Highness*, that she likewise will be graciously pleas'd to indulge me in this Honour; while the principal Point I have



in View, is, to exhibit, for the Ingenious of both Sexes of my Readers, the noblest Patterns of Virtue ; and to derive upon a Work, which is destin'd to the Advancement of Piety and Harmony, the Influences of Two Royal Names, which are distinguish'd by those Graces in all their Lustre.

Accept SIR, and MADAM, of my humble Professions of Duty to *Your Royal Highness* ; and be graciously pleas'd to believe, that None of Their Majesty's happy Subjects more fervently pray for all earthly and heavenly happiness to Their Majesties, yourselves, and the whole *Royal Family*, than,

*May it please Your Royal Highnesses,*

*Your Royal Highnesses*

*Most dutiful,*

*most obliged, and*

*most obedient*

*Servant,*

JOHN CHRISTIAN JACOBI.



## The P R E F A C E.

**A**S it is but a few Years ago since the First Edition of this German Psalmody in English, was publish'd here, the Appearance of this Second Edition must, methinks, be allow'd to be no inconsiderable Testimony to the Piety and Benevolence of the English Nation, nor to the Edifying Spirit, at least, with which this well intended little Work is written. The Merit of the Original is celebrated among Numbers of Men of Learning, Taste and Piety, besides Those who are Natives of Germany; but 'tis a very difficult Matter, I conceive, to shew it in all its Lustre in a Translation: At least, I have found it so; and have been frequently obliged, in the Course of this Labour, to sit down contented with the Loss of Beauties which I could not reach. But to the reigning Sense, or principal Meaning, I have, I trust, been every where strictly faithful.

But I must acquaint the Reader, that on Occasion of this Second Edition, I have retouch'd several Matters, and alter'd the whole Frame of several Compositions which appear'd in the First Edition. And these Things I flatter my self, I have done abundantly for the bet-



*ter. I have likewise added to this Edition, several Copies from the German, which were not inserted in the First; and by which, I trust, the pious Reader will not be unprofitably entertain'd. In a Word, I have made this Edition as perfect and valuable as I could; and assure my self, the good Reader will be satisfied, that Things are plain and useful where I have fail'd in Point of Beauty or Embellishment.*

*I must not omit, on this Occasion, to acquaint the Reader, that the First Edition of this Work, hath not only been kindly receiv'd by Numbers in this Kingdom, but likewise by great Numbers in both the Indies, and hath, in those last Places, as I have the Happiness to be well inform'd, not a little contributed to the Advancement of Christian Piety and Learning.*

*I commend my self, good Reader, to all thy Favour and Indulgence, with Respect to this Edition, and am, in CHRIST,*

*Thy hearty Well-Wisher.*





UPON THE  
INCARNATION *of* CHRIST.

*Nun komm der Heyden Heyland.* ✓

**N**OW the Saviour comes indeed,  
Of the Virgin-Mother's Seed,  
To the Wonder of Mankind,  
By the Lord himself design'd.

II.

Not begot like Men unclean,  
But without the Stain of Sin :  
In our Nature God was born,  
Us to save, who were forlorn.

III.

Though the Virgin was with Child,  
Chastity prov'd undefil'd ;  
All the Female Virtues were  
Thron'd in her, for God was there.

IV.

From his Chambers forth he went ;  
Left the Glorious Element ;  
And, at once both God and Man,  
He his blessed Course began.

V.

From his Father's Breast he came ;  
And return'd to him again.  
Having first our Foes to quell,  
Triumph'd over Death and Hell.

VI. O



## VI.

O thou God-like every Way,  
 Carry thy victorious Sway  
 In the Flesh to such a Length,  
 That we gain thy Godly Strength.

## VII.

Lord, thy Crib shines bright and clear,  
 Chacing Darknefs every where,  
 Let no Sin o'ercloud this Light,  
 That our Faith be always bright.

## VIII.

Glory to the God of Love!  
 Glory to his Son above!  
 Glory to the Spirit be!  
 Glory to the blessed Three.

---

*Wie soll ich dich empfangen.*

To the Tune : *Commit thy Ways and Goings.*

## I.

**H**OW shall I meet my Saviour?  
 How shall I welcome Thee?  
 What Manner of Behaviour  
 Is now requir'd of me?  
 Let thine Illumination  
 Set Heart and Hands aright,  
 That this my Preparation  
 Be pleasing in thy Sight.

## II. Whilst

II.

Whilst with the gayest Flowers  
Thy Sion strews the Way,  
I'll raise with all my Powers  
To Thee, a grateful Lay :  
To Thee the King of Glory  
I'll tune a Song Divine ;  
And make thy Love's bright Story  
In graceful Numbers shine.

III.

What hast thou not performed,  
Lord to retrieve my Loss,  
While I was so deformed  
By Sin and Hellish Dross ?  
The Sense of lost Salvation  
Quite drove me to Despair,  
But thy own Incarnation  
Brought my Redemption near.

IV.

I lay in Fetters groaning,  
Thou cam'st to set me free.  
My Shame I was bemoaning ;  
With Grace thou cloathedst me.  
Thou raisest me to Glory ;  
Endow'st me with thy Bliss,  
Which is not transitory,  
As worldly Treasure is.

V.

What caus'd thy Incarnation ?  
What brought Thee down to me ?  
Thy Love to my Salvation      Contriv'd



Contriv'd my Liberty.  
 O Love, beyond Expression !  
 Wherewith thou dost embrace  
 Mankind in its Digression  
 From Thee, the Source of Grace.

## VI.

Let this Consideration  
 Heal up your Wounds within,  
 Ye Sons of Desolation,  
 That feel the Smart of Sin.  
 Take Courage, your Salvation  
 Stands waiting at the Door ;  
 The Gospel Consolation,  
 Is nearer than before.

## VII.

'Tis none of your Endeavour,  
 Nor any Mortal Care  
 Cou'd draw his Sov'reign Favour  
 To Sinners in Despair ;  
 Uncall'd he comes with Gladness  
 To save you from the Fall,  
 And cure all Grief and Sadness  
 You're still oppress'd withal.

## VIII.

Be not cast down or frighted  
 At Sin, tho' ne'er so great ;  
 No *Jesus* is delighted  
 The Greatest to remit.  
 He comes repenting Sinners  
 With Life and Love to Crown ;

And

*The Nativity of CHRIST.*

5

And make them happy Winners  
Of Glory like his own.

IX.

Then fear not ye the Clamour  
Of Satan and his Clan ;  
The Word, his pow'ful Hammer,  
Destroys their wicked Plan.  
He comes as King of Glory,  
Whose Nod confounds their Host ;  
He carries all before ye,  
And baffles all their Boast.

X.

He come to pass his Sentence  
On all his Enemies,  
But Children of Repentance  
Shall meet with Love and Peace.  
Come, Prince of Grace and Wonder !  
Fetch my Beloved Home ;  
Reveal thy Glories yonder ;  
Thy longing Spouse, says, come !



The Nativity of CHRIST. 11:62

*Gelobet seystu Jesu Christ.* ✓

II.

**D**UE Praises to th' incarnate Love,  
Manifested from above !  
All Men and Angels now adore  
What we, nor they have seen before. *Hal.*  
II. The



## II.

The blessed Father's only Son  
 Chose a Manger for his Throne :  
 In the mean Vest of Flesh and Blood,  
 Was cloathed God, th' eternal Good. *Hal.*

## III.

Who had the World at his Command,  
 Wants his Mothers swaddling Band.  
 Th' Almighty Word was pleas'd to come  
 A helpless Infant from the Womb. *Hal.*

## IV.

Th' eternal Splendor is in Sight ;  
 Gives the World its saving Light ;  
 And drives the Clouds of Sin away,  
 To make us Children of the Day. *Hal.*

## V.

God's only Son, and equal God,  
 Took amongst us his Abode ;  
 And open'd, through this World of Strife,  
 A Way to everlasting Life. *Hallelujah.*

## VI.

In Poverty he comes on Earth,  
 To enrich us by his Birth,  
 And make us Heirs of endless Blifs.  
 With all the darling Saints of his. *Hal.*

## VII.

This all he did that he might prove  
 Unknown Wonders of his Love ;  
 Then let us All unite to sing  
 Praise to our New-born God and King. *Hal.*  
*Mel :*

*Mel: Lobt Gott ihr Christen all zugleich*

I.

**S**hepherds, rejoice, lift up your Eyes,  
And send your Fears away !  
News from the Region of the Skies :  
*Salvation's born to Day. Salvation's born to Day.*

II.

*Jesus*, the God, whom Angels fear,  
Comes down to dwell with you ;  
To Day he makes his Entrance here,  
But not as Monarchs do.

III.

No Gold nor Purple swadling Bands,  
Nor Royal shining Things ;  
A Manger for his Cradle stands,  
And holds the King of Kings.

IV.

Go Shepherds ! where this Infant lies,  
And see his humble Throne,  
With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,  
Go, Shepherds ! kiss the Son.

V.

Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around  
The heav'nly Armies throng ;  
They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,  
And thus conclude the Song :

VI.

Glory to God, that reigns above !  
Let Peace surround the Earth :

B

Mortals



On NEW-YEAR'S Day.

Mortals shall know their Maker's Love,  
At their Redeemer's Birth.

VII.

Lord, and shall Angels have their Songs,  
And men no Tunes to raise ?  
O ! may we loose our useless Tongues,  
When they forget to praise.

VIII.

Glory to God that reigns above !  
That pity'd us forlorn :  
We join to sing our maker's Love,  
For there's a Saviour born.



On NEW-YEAR'S Day.

*Das alte Jahr vergangen ist.*

I.

**W**ITH this New-Year we raise New  
Songs,  
To Praise the Lord with Hearts and Tongues,  
For his Support in Troubles past,  
Wherewith our Life was overcast.

II.

O ! grant us, *Jesu*, Prince of Peace,  
Thy constant Aid thy constant Grace,  
That we may, thro' the rolling Year,  
Serve Thee with filial Love and Fear.

III.

O ! may we never lose thy Truth  
(The Prop of Age, the Guard of Youth)  
Keep

On NEW-YEAR'S Day.

9

Keep from us superstitious Fears,  
Banish false Doctrine from our Ears.

IV.

Guard us, oh! guard us from all Sin:  
And let us be renew'd within:  
Of Errors past the Records rend,  
O! Thou, whose Mercy knows no End.

V.

Grant us to lead a holy Life,  
And when we leave this World of Strife,  
O! bring us to that joyful Day,  
When thou wilt wipe all Tears away?

VI.

Then shall thy Praise a-new begin,  
Without th' Allay of Self and Sin.  
Maintain, O Lord, our Faith and Love,  
Till we behold thy Face above.

---

*Helfft mir Gottes Güte preisen.*

I.

COME, let us All, with Fervour,  
On whom Heavens Mercies shine,  
To our Supreme Preserver  
In tuneful Praises join  
Another Year is gone;  
Of which the tender Mercies  
(Each pious Heart rehearses)  
Demand a grateful Song.

II.

Tell o'er, with true Devotion,  
The Wonders of his Grace:      Let



Let no polluting Notion  
 Our Gratitude deface.  
 But still remember well,  
 That this Year's Renovation  
 Renews our Obligation  
 To fight 'gainst Sin and Hell.

## III.

His Grace is still preserving  
 Our Peace in Church and State;  
 His Love is never swerving,  
 In Spite of Satan's Hate.  
 Dispens'd with open Hand,  
 His Blessings on this Nation  
 Still ward off Desolation,  
 And save a sinful Land.

## IV.

'Tis his eternal Kindness  
 That spares us from the Rod,  
 Tho' long our wilful Blindness  
 Has sore provok'd our God  
 To pour his Vengeance down;  
 Yet still he Grace provides us;  
 And still his Mercy hides us  
 From his own dreadful Frown.

## V.

The Source of all Compassion  
 Pities our feeble Frame,  
 When turning from Transgression  
 We come in Jesus's Name,  
 Before his holy Face;  
 Then ev'ry sinful Motion

Is cast into the Ocean  
Of never-failing Grace.

VI.

To Christ our Peace is owing :  
Through him thou art pleas'd.  
Through him thy Love's still flowing :  
O ! wilt thou then be pleas'd,  
Through Christ, thy Grace to send,  
In all its Strength and Beauty,  
To keep us in our Duty,  
'Till these frail Days shall end.

---

*Mein Vater zeuge mich dein Kind.*

I.

**M**Y Father ! form thy Child according  
to thine Image :  
Create, O God, in me a new and contrite  
Heart :

Vouchsafe to number me in thine unspotted  
Lineage ;  
And make me so by Grace, as thou by  
Nature art.

II.

My Light ! enlighten me with thy transcen-  
dent Favour ;  
Clear up my dismal Heart ; dispel the Clouds  
of Sin ;

By Nature Nothing else but sinful Things I  
favour ;

If Thou withdraw'st thy Light I am all  
blind within.

III. My



## III.

My everlasting Way! unbar the Gates  
 of *Salem*,  
 That I may enter in and tread the  
 Paths of Peace;  
 I've sojourn'd long enough amongst the  
 Sons of *Balaam*,  
 And now I long for Home, where Sighs  
 and Sin shall cease.

## IV.

O Thou eternal Truth! Let me thy Grace  
 inherit;  
 And brighten up my Mind with thy Serenity;  
 And may thy glorious Word cast out  
 the lying Spirit,  
 And strengthen me to stand against  
 that Enemy.

## V.

My Life! live thou in me, that I in Thee  
 be living,  
 For without thee I'm dead to all that's  
 truly Good.  
 Thou art the Bread of Life; this *Manna* is  
 thy giving;  
 Feed my distressed Soul with that Celestial Food.

## VI.

My Lamb! most innocent, meek, patient,  
 full of Sweetness,  
 Create thy lamb-like Mind in me thy  
 straying Sheep: Enable

Enable me to bear, with Patience and with  
Meekness,  
The Cross made light to me by wounding  
thee so deep.

VII.

My Master ! Teach thou me to know my  
great Creator :  
Without thy Light I can't behold God  
who is Light ;  
Instruct my Heart and Lips to call him *Abba*  
Father,  
That mine Addresses may be pleasing in  
his Sight.

VIII.

My High-Priest ! do not cease to pray for  
thy lost Creature ;  
Upon the Father call with me incessantly ;  
Thy Holy Spirit's Groans support me, when  
frail Nature  
In th' inward Combat shrinks, and has  
no Strength to cry.

IX.

My King ! defend thou me, when Flesh,  
World, Sin and Devil  
Assault the Spark of Grace, thou hast  
vouchsaf'd to me ;  
The Shadow of thy Wings protect my  
Soul from Evil,  
For he's alone Secure, who trusts alone  
in Thee.

X. My



## X.

My Shepherd ! feed my Soul with Food of  
thy Salvation ;  
And lead me when I thirst, unto the Wa-  
ter-Springs ;  
Restrain me when my Soul gives Way to  
strong Temptation ;  
My wandering Mind bring back, when  
pleas'd with empty Things.

## XI.

My great Physician ! heal my Soul whose  
Sores are many,  
Caus'd by my num'rous Sins, so heinous  
and so foul,  
That Sov'reign Remedy, thy Blood that's  
shed for any,  
Whose refuge are thy Wounds, apply  
unto my Soul.

## XII.

My Friend ! bestow on me thine All-suffi-  
cient Graces ;  
Confirm me more and more in holy Faith-  
fulness :  
Grant me full Confidence to fly to thine  
Embraces,  
When Satan, Sin and Hell my trembling  
Soul oppress.

## XIII.

My Bridegroom ! love me still, endow me  
with thy Spirit ;

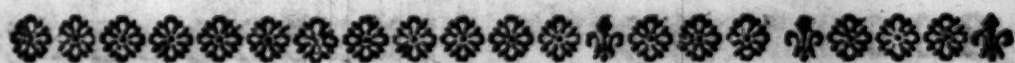
Enrich

*Upon the Epiphany of CHRIST.* 15

Enrich me with thy Grace ; print on my  
Heart thy Seal ;  
Thy sweet embrasing Love, O Lord, let  
me inherit ;  
And to my longing Soul thy wond'rous  
Self reveal.

XIV.

My one and all ! let me with thee be so  
united,  
That I may love but Thee, and scorn  
all Earthly Toys.  
And when I am by Death t' appear before  
Thee cited,  
O, may I be prepar'd for all thy glorious  
Joys.



*Upon the Epiphany of CHRIST.*

*Mel : Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.*  
To the Tune, *With this New-Year, &c.*

I.

**H**E reigns, the Lord our Saviour reigns ;  
Praise him in Evangelick Strains ;  
Let all the Earth in Songs rejoice,  
And distant Islands join their Voice.

II.

The Lord is come, the Heav'ns proclaim  
His Birth, the Nations learn his Name ;  
An unknown Star directs the Road  
Of Eastern Sages to their God.

III. All



## III.

All ye bright Armies of the Skies,  
Go worship where the Saviour lies.  
Angels and Kings before him bow,  
The Great on high, and Great below.

## IV.

Let Idols totter to the Ground,  
And their own Worshippers confound;  
But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,  
And Earth confess her Sov'reign King.

## V.

Rejoice, ye Christians, and record  
The sacred Honours of the Lord:  
None but the Souls that feel his Grace,  
Can triumph in his Holiness.



## On the Passion of CHRIST.

*N. 77. N. Jesu deine heilige Wunden.* L  
*Ju. M. N.*

To the Tune: *Faithful God I lay, &c.*

## I.

CHRIST, thy holy Wounds and Passion,  
Bloody Sweat, Cross, Death, and Tomb,  
Be my daily Meditation

Here, as long I live from Home:  
When thou seest a sinful Thought  
Rise within, to make me naught,  
Shew me that my own Pollution  
Caus'd thy bloody Execution.

II. Shou'd

II.

Shou'd my Natures Inclination  
Hanker after lustful Sin,  
Let the Thoughts of thine Oblation  
Quench that spreading Hell within ;  
Nay, will Satan force his Way  
To my Heart, Lord ! grant I may  
With thy Cross, and Crown of Briar,  
Chase from hence that grand destroyer.

III.

Will the World, with her Temptation,  
Draw me to her cursed Road,  
Let this be my Contemplation,  
That thou'lt born my sinful Load ;  
Shou'd the Sweat, and precious Blood  
Of my dear expiring God  
Not produce a deep Compassion  
To a thorough Resignation ?

IV.

Lord, in any sore Oppression,  
Let thy Wounds be my Relief ;  
When I seek thine Intercession,  
Add new Srength to my Belief.  
'Tis thy bloody Hands and Feet,  
Where my greatest Comforts meet,  
This imprinted Demonstration  
Of thy Love, be my Salvation.

V.

All my Hope and Consolation  
Christ is in thy bitter Death,  
In the Hour of Expiration,  
Lord, receive my dying Breath ;      By



By thine Agony and Sweat,  
Grant me, Lord, a safe Retreat;  
By thy glorious Resurrection,  
Raise me to thy blest Perfection.

## VI.

Christ, thy holy Wounds and Passion,  
Bloody Sweat, Cross, Death, and Tomb,  
Be my daily Meditation,  
Whilst I'm living from my Home;  
\*Specially when I go hence,  
Let this be my Confidence,  
That thy deep Humiliation  
Was to purchase my Salvation.

*N. 94. N. O Lamb Gottes unschuldig.*  
*20. M. P.*

## I.

**O** Lamb of God, our Saviour!  
Kill'd on the Tree of Sorrow!  
Thy meek and low Behaviour  
Paid what thou didst not borrow.  
Thou bor'st our Sin and Malice,  
Took'st up the wrathful Chalice.  
Have Mercy upon us, O Jesu! Jesu!

## II.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.  
Have Mercy upon us, &c.

## III.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.  
O grant us thy Peace, O Jesu! O Jesu!

---

*Da Jesus an dem Creutze Stund.*

I.

**W**HEN Christ hung on the cursed Tree  
A bloody Sacrifice for thee,  
Of God and Men forsaken ;  
The seven Words our Saviour spoke,  
Be ne'er lost, nor mistaken.

II.

The first bespeaks the Depth of Love,  
In which he pray'd to God above  
For his imbitter'd Nation :  
Father forgive our Ignorance  
For thy Son's Intercession.

III.

The second was the great Relief  
He promis'd the repenting Thief,  
With an Asseveration ;  
Lord let us see thy Paradise  
Soon after our Translation.

IV.

The third was his domestick Care,  
Towards his Mother in Despair,  
And to his Well-beloved ;  
Provide, O Father ! for our own,  
When we are hence removed.

V.

The Fourth was, when he cried : I thirst !  
Alas ! for whom, but for the Curst,  
And all Mankind's Redemption ;

C

Lord



Lord true Repentance grant, we may  
Obtain thy blest Intention.

## VI.

The Fifth the Lord in Anguish spoke:  
Why hast thou God my Soul forsook,  
Nor wilt afford one Favour,  
Lord grant our Soul in thy Distress  
May find a healing Saviour.

## VII.

'Tis finish'd : was the following Word,  
By which our great and dying Lord  
Retriev'd our lost Salvation :  
Ye mourning Sinners ! all rejoyce  
To hear this Declaration.

## VIII.

The Seventh was : Father in thy Hand  
My Soul and Spirit I commend ;  
This be my last Expression,  
Lord Jesu ! when thou call'st me hence,  
Take me to thy Possession.

## IX.

Whoever pays a deep Regard  
To these Expressions of our Lord,  
And mourns their sad Occasion,  
Will lay to everlasting Life  
A well approv'd Foundation.



*On the Burial of CHRIST.*

*O Taurigkeit !* ✓

I.

**O** Boundless Grief,  
Beyond Relief!  
Where are my Passions hurried?  
God the Father's darling Son  
For my Sins is buried.

II.

O Greatest Dread!  
God-Man is dead,  
See where he is expired,  
And for Sinners doom'd to Deat  
Endless Life acquired.

III.

O make a Pause,  
And search the Cause  
Of this unheard-of Murther!  
Sinner! thine Apostasy  
Cou'd advance no further.

IV.

The Lamb of God  
Has shed his Blood  
For my, and thy Salvation,  
Thus to rescue sinful Men  
From deserv'd Damnation.

V.

O glorious Head!  
Wast thou e'er made  
Thus to be torn and wounded?



*Of the Resurrection of CHRIST.*

At whose Sight the guilty World  
Ought to be confounded.

## VI.

O lovely Face!  
Thou Source of Grace,  
And Author of all Beauty!  
Who can see thee, and not melt  
Into Tears of Duty?

## VII.

How blest he is,  
Who weigheth this  
With Christian Application,  
That the Lord of Life and Light  
Dies for our Salvation.

## VIII.

O *Jesu*! blest,  
My Hope and Rest,  
Grant me this heavenly Favour,  
That thy Blood, Cross, Death and Tomb  
Prove my dying Saviour.



O F T H E  
RESURRECTION *of* CHRIST.

*Christ lag in Todes Banden.*

## I.

CHRIST was to Death abased,  
And giv'n for our Transgression,  
But

But by his being raised  
Regain'd Life's Possession.  
This should make our Souls rejoice  
To praise the Lord with Heart and Voice,  
In singing *Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

II.

None could be found of *Adam's* Race  
Who *Death* and *Hell* could slaughter.  
Sin had defac'd the Worth and Grace  
Of ev'ry Son and Daughter.  
Death then, caused by the Fall,  
Was, from thence, entail'd on All;  
And kept the World in Bondage.

III.

But JESUS, whom God ever lov'd,  
Came down for our Salvation:  
Death from her Empire he remov'd;  
And by his blessed Passion,  
Ruin'd all her Pow'r and Claim;  
And left *Death* Nothing but the Name:  
The Sting is lost for ever. *Hallelujah.*

IV.

How hot and wond'rous was the Fray!  
Life was with Death furrounded,  
The Lord of Life here gain'd the Day,  
Death's Kingdom was confounded.  
This the Scripture doth record,  
That Death was conquer'd with his Sword,  
And led at last in Triumph. *Hallelujah.*



## V.

This is the Blessed Paschal Lamb,  
 By God himself appointed.  
 The Prophets do aloud proclaim,  
 That this is THE ANOINTED,  
 On our Hearts his Blood we shew;  
 No Fears of Death disturbs us now:  
 Subdu'd is that Destroyer. *Hallelujah.*

## VI.

This is the Day the Lord has made  
 To all our Hopes to raise us:  
 Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,  
 And join to sing his Praises.  
 He dispels the Clouds of Sin,  
 His Merit cleanses all within,  
 We are remov'd from Darknes. *Hal.*

## VII.

The Bread of Life, by which we're held  
 Is CHRIST for ever living:  
 The Leav'n of Sin is still expell'd  
 By Grace, which he is giving.  
 Faith desires no other Food,  
 But our Redeemer's Flesh and Blood.  
 Blest be his Name for ever. *Hallelujah.*

---

*Heut triumphiret Gottes Sahn.*

## I.

**T**O Day, the Lord in Triumph reigns,  
 Breaks Death, and Hell's infernal  
 Retakes his Life, and Majesty; (Chains,  
 Praise him to all Eternity. *Hallelujah.*

II. When

II.

When he descended into Hell,  
Satan and all his Legions fell :  
Behold the great Accuser cast !  
The Hour of Darkness now is past. *Hal.*

III.

Now let the infernal Lyons roar,  
They cannot hurt us as before ;  
Lost is the Pow'r of all those Fiends,  
We are God's Children, Heirs and Friends.

IV.

O sweet Redeemer, *Jesus Christ* !  
Our Sacrifice, and great High-Priest,  
Lead us by thine Almighty Grace,  
To end with Joy our Christian Race. *Hal.*

V.

Infinite Lover gracious Lord !  
Thy wondrous Name shall be ador'd ;  
To thee be endless Honours giv'n  
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n. *Hal.*

---

*Auf diesen Tag, bedencken wir.*

I.

**R**Aise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,  
To praise the King of Glory,  
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs  
Of him who went before ye ;  
Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strings :  
Let Heav'n and all created Things  
Sound our *Emanuel's* Praises.

II. Ye



## II.

Ye mourning Souls, look upward too,  
 For *Christ* is now preparing  
 At God's right Hand a Place for you :  
 Shake off what seems despairing.  
 Thence our great Lord and King shall come  
 To fetch our longing Spirits Home,  
 And crown your Love and Labour.

## III.

Since he o'er Heaven bears sov'reign Sway,  
 By all its Pow'rs attended ;  
 And has more Graces to display  
 than can be comprehended ;  
 Fear not but He his Graces pours  
 On such meek trembling Hearts as yours,  
 The Objects of his Favour.

## IV.

Extend O Lord thy sov'reign Grace,  
 Thy Light to every Nation :  
 Let Earth and Seas avow and praise  
 Thy Love, thy Pow'r, thy Passion ;  
 'Till we join with thy Saints above  
 In Hymns to celebrate thy Love,  
 And dwell with thee for ever.



✓ Of the HOLY GHOST.

*Komm Heiliger Geist.*

## I.

(God !

Come, Holy Ghost ! Come, Lord our  
 Spread Faith and Love divine abroad ;  
 And

And fill thy longing Peoples Minds  
With precious Gifts of sundry Kinds.  
O Lord, who, by thy heav'nly Light,  
Hast call'd thy Church from sinful Night,  
Out of all Nations, Tribes and Tongues,  
Thy Praise shall make our choicest Songs :  
*Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !*

II.

Thou Light of Glory, gracious Lord !  
Revive us by thy holy Word,  
And teach thy Flock in Truth to call  
On Thee, the Father of us all.  
Delusive Errors far remove,  
And guide us always by that Love,  
Which, keeping close to *JESUS* Path,  
Rejects all other Guides of Faith. *Hal.*

III.

Thou great Dispenser of that Love,  
Which sent Redemption from above,  
O ! Grant us Faith and Constancy,  
To conquer Sin, and yield to Thee.  
O Lord ! by thine Almighty Grace,  
Prepare us so to run our Race,  
That we, from Bonds of Sin kept free,  
May gain a blest Eternity. *Hal.*

*O du allersüßte Freude.*

To the Tune: *Faithful God, I lay before Thee.*

I.

O Thou sweetest Source of Gladness !  
Faith and Hope and Heav'ny Light,  
Who,



Who, in Joy, as in our Sadness,  
 Dost convince us of thy Might!  
 Holy Spirit, God of Peace,  
 Great Distributer of Grace,  
 Life and Joy of the Creation,  
 Hear, oh hear my Supplication.

## II.

O Thou best of all Donations,  
 God can give, or we implore,  
 Having thy sweet Consolations,  
 We need wish for Nothing more.  
 Come, Thou Lord of Love and Pow'r,  
 On my Heart thy Graces show'r:  
 Work in me a new Creation.  
 Make my Heart thy Habitation.

## III.

From that Height that knows no Measure,  
 As a Show'r thou dost descend;  
 And bring'st down the richest Treasure  
 Man can wish, or God can send.  
 O! Thou Glory shining down  
 From the Father and the Son,  
 Grant me thy Communication,  
 Which makes All a new Creation.

## IV.

Wise thou art, know'st all Recesses  
 Of the Earth and spreading Skies:  
 Ev'ry Sand the Shore possesses,  
 Thy omniscient Mind describes.  
 Lord, thou knowest, that I am  
 Quite corrupted, blind and lame.

Give me such a wise Behaviour  
As may please my God and Saviour.

V.

Holy Lord! who lov'st to visit  
Souls, of pure and chaste Desire,  
But abhor'st an Heart that busied  
With what Flesh and Blood admire :  
Wash, my Soul, O Spring of Grace,  
Clean from all Unrighteousness ;  
Make me fly what thou refuseth,  
And delight in what thou chusest.

VI.

Like a Lamb thou art in Nature,  
Of a meek and tender Mind,  
Doing good to ev'ry Creature,  
Tho' they're still to Sin inclin'd ;  
O forgive, and grant I may  
Follow thy forgiving Way,  
Love my Foes as my own Lineage,  
And hate none that bear thy Image.

VII.

Dearest Lord, I live contented  
In th' Assurance of thy Love,  
Which, if-not by Sin prevented,  
Does my highest Comfort prove.  
Make my Soul thy Property ;  
All I have shall be to Thee  
And thy Glory dedicated  
Here, and when I am translated.

VIII.



## VIII.

I renounce what's prejudicial  
To the Glory of thy Name ;  
Counting only beneficial  
What's from Thee, and from the Lamb :  
At what Satan can contrive,  
I will never once connive ;  
But with earnest Opposition,  
Cross that Author of Perdition.

## IX.

Oh ! support my weak Endeavour ;  
Second me on ev'ry Side,  
Thine Assistance, great Reliever !  
Grant me still ; and be my Guide.  
Mortifie my Selfishness,  
Turn th' old Will from sinful Ways,  
And conform it to thy Nature,  
That my God may love his Creature.

## X.

Be my Guard on each Occasion ;  
When I'm sinking be my Staff ;  
When I die be my Salvation ;  
When I'm buried, be my Grave.  
And when from the Grave I rise,  
Take me up above the Skies.  
Seat me with thy Saints in Glory ;  
There for ever to adore Thee.

*Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren.*

I.

**I**N me resume thy Dwelling,  
Thou glorious Guest of Hearts ;  
And, from me Sin repelling,  
Renew my inward Parts,  
O Spirit all Divine ;  
Whose Goodness never varies ;  
In whom the Grace and Glories  
Of all the Godhead shine.

II.

Come, Flow'r of all that's holy,  
And fill my inward Part  
With Grace, which drives all Folly  
And Error from the Heart :  
Thy Mind restore in me ;  
While I the wond'rous Story,  
Rehearse, without Vain-Glory,  
Of all my Debt to Thee.

III.

I was a with'ring Scyon ;  
Thou saw'st ; and, griev'd to see,  
From Death, that grimmeſt Lion,  
In Pity ſet me free,  
By grafting me in *Chriſt*,  
While into his Oblation,  
Which purchas'd my Salvation,  
By Thee I was baptiz'd.

D

IV. By



## IV.

By Thee, whose blessed Function  
 Can ne'er enough be priz'd :  
 By Thee, whose holy Unction  
 Anoints me into *Christ*,  
 And makes me all his own ;  
 All his, on whom, together  
 With all his Pow'r, the Father  
 Has all his Glory thrown.

## V.

Thou guid'st the guilty Creature  
 To the blest Mercy-Chair ;  
 And giv'st his Lips to utter  
 A Mercy-winning Pray'r.  
 Thy Eloquence prevails  
 To save from Satan's Fingers  
 The most abandon'd Sinners ;  
 And never, never fails.

## VI.

Thou art the Source of Pleasure,  
 Which never fades nor cloy :  
 Of dark'ning Grief no Measure  
 Withstands thy bright'ning Joys.  
 How often hast thou giv'n,  
 Thou' Lightner of all Nations,  
 In thy sweet Visitations,  
 Extatic Tastes of Heav'n !

## VII.

Thou art th' eternal Center  
 Of Love and Unity.

Where

Where foul Contentions enter  
In vain we look for Thee,  
Thou God of Truth and Peace.

O! may thy Truth delight us ;  
And thy sweet Peace unite us ;  
And all our Discords cease.

VIII.

The Earth, the whole Creation  
Is pendent on thy Hand.  
What Thing, what Heart, what Passion  
Obeys not thy Command !  
Thou Pow'r above all Powers !

O, may thy Truth and Graces,  
Thy Peace upon all Places  
Descend in plenteous Show'rs.

IX.

O! heal our sore Distractions :  
Our growing Rage remove :  
And drown our restless Factions  
In Gospel-Truth and Love.  
Thy mighty Arm make bare  
For injur'd sinking Nations ;  
And stop the Devastations  
And Bloody Hands of War.

X.

Be Angels ever busie  
To guard the King and Queen.  
Make their bright Crowns sit easie,  
And, thro' a lasting Reign,  
With rising Glories shine.



Pour forth thy Grace upon 'em  
And let thy Blessings on 'em  
No Bounds on Earth confine.

## XI.

The Minds of all the Nation  
Endue with Faith and Love;  
And pour on ev'ry Station  
Thy Blessings from above.  
All Ranks with Wisdom bless  
To shun all Wrath and Riot,  
And seek the common Quiet,  
And common Happiness.

## XII.

Give Strength and Resolution,  
To fight like Christian Men,  
'Gainst Satan's fierce Intrusion,  
And all his hellish Clan;  
That gaining always Ground,  
We rout all Opposition,  
And in no Sin's Commission  
One Christian may be found.

## XIII.

Direct our Conversation  
According to thy Mind;  
And when this mortal Station  
At last shall be resign'd:  
Then grant, thou God of Love!  
That our whole Life's Profession  
May end in the Possession  
Of lasting Bliss above.

*Allein*



Of the BLESSED TRINITY. L

*Allein Gott in der Hob sey Ehr.*

I.

**T**O our Almighty gracious God,  
 New Honours be address'd,  
 Whose great Salvation shines abroad,  
 To make all Nations blessed;  
 He looks upon us in his Son,  
 Who brought from Heav'n Salvation down,  
 And Peace to Men proclaimed:

II.

To Thee we come and humbly bow,  
 Great Lord of the Creation!  
 Whose boundless Empire ne'er will know  
 Or End or Variation.  
 Thy Pow'r is endless as thy Praise:  
 Thou speak'st; the Universe obeys.  
 On Thee depend all Creatures.

III.

Blest Jesus, only Son of God  
 On Earth of Tragic Story;  
 Our Ransom is thy precious Blood;  
 Thy shameful Cross our Glory.  
 Sweet suff'ring Lamb, now King of Kings,  
 And Lord of all created Things,  
 Extend to us thy Mercy.

IV.

O Holy Ghost! our Sov'reign Good,  
 And highest Consolation!



What *Jesus* ransom'd with his Blood,  
 Preserve Thou to Salvation  
 'Tis Thou who bring'st us unto *Christ*;  
 'Tis Thou his precious Blood appliest.  
 In Thee we have Affiance.

---

*N<sup>o</sup> 22. Gott der Vater wohn uns bey.*  
*H. M. P.*

## I.

**G**OD the Father, our Defence!  
 O save us from Damnation;  
 All Transgressions take from hence,  
 And grant us thy Salvation;  
 Guard us from the Tempter's Snare,  
 Within thy own Protection,  
 That under thy Direction  
 Our Faith may 'scape Infection.  
 We rely upon thy Care.  
 With all thy Well-beloved,  
 Thy Grace be thus improved,  
 That we may ne'er be moved.  
*Amen, Amen, be the Word!*  
 So shall we truly praise the Lord.

## III.

Lord *Christ Jesus*! our Defence!

O save us, &c.

## III.

Blessed Spirit, our Defence,

O save us, &c.



*Of the* HOLY ANGELS.

*Herr Gott dich loben alle wir !*

I.

**T**O God let all the Human Race  
Bring humble Worship mixt with Grace;  
Who makes his Love and Wisdom known,  
By Angels, that surround his Throne.

II.

These Angels, whom thy Breath inspires,  
Thy Ministers are flaming Fires  
And swift as Thought their Armies move,  
To bear thy Vengeance, or thy Love.

III.

They joy t'obey thy blessed Will;  
They love t'increase their Knowledge still;  
They always serve the Lord their Rock,  
In keeping Guard around thy Flock.

IV.

The Good, where'er thy Children dwell,  
They do, no mortal Tongue can tell;  
Nor what their Heav'nly Care prevents,  
Where they are bid to pitch their Tents.

V.

Good *Daniel* found their Benefit,  
When midst the Lions forc'd to sit.  
The same enjoy'd the pious Lot;  
What great Deliv'rance had he not?

VI. What



## VI.

What did the three Men in the Flame,  
 Assoon their Guardian Angel came?  
 Did not the Oven's devouring Fire,  
 Resound the Notes of Heavenly Quire?

## VII.

Thus God defends us Day by Day,  
 From many Mischiefs in our Way,  
 By Angels, which do always keep  
 A watchfull Eye when we're asleep.

## VIII.

O Lord! we'll bless Thee all our Days;  
 Our Soul shall glory in thy Grace;  
 Thy Praise shall dwell upon our Tongues;  
 All Saints and Angels join our Songs.

## IX.

We pray to let their Heav'nly Host  
 Be Guardians of our Land and Coast,  
 To keep thy little Flock in Peace,  
 That we may lead a Life of Grace.



*On the Philanthropy of GOD and CHRIST.*

*Nun freut euch lieben Christen-Gemein.*

To the Tune: *Raise your Devotion.*

## I.

**N**OW come, ye Christians all and bring,  
 With chearful Hearts and Voices,  
 Due Praises to our God and King,  
 Whose Holy Court rejoices

To

To see the Wonders of his Love,  
Which brought Redemption from above,  
Beyond our Expectation.

II.

As Satan's Slave in Sin I lay,  
Despairing of Salvation,  
Satan had got a mighty Sway  
God was my Detestation;  
And sinking deeper by degrees  
Into this desperate Dileate,  
Was nearly lost for ever.

III.

Good Works wou'd here not serve my Turn  
They cou'd produce no Merit;  
Rebellion made my Free Will burn  
Against the Holy Spirit.  
My Anguish drove me to Despair;  
Death was my Mirrour every where,  
The Prefage of Hell-Torment.

IV.

But, O unutterable Grace!  
That pity'd my Condition!  
Th' eternal *Jesus* took my Place.  
To save me from Perdition;  
Down to this World the Saviour flies,  
Stretches his sacred Arms and dies,  
For me a wretched Sinner.

V.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God  
And Author of Salvation,

To



To pay its Wrongs with Heav'nly Blood,  
 And quench Hell and Damnation,  
 Infinite Racks and Pangs he bore,  
 And 'rose ; the Law could ask no more  
 Of this my Mediator.

## VI.

Thus the Redeemer spake to me  
 In smiling Condescension :  
 I wholly give myself for Thee  
 T' unvail this my Intention,  
 That I am thine with all I have,  
 And purchas'd by the Cross and Grave :  
 No Foe shall disunite us.

## VII.

I'll raise again, retake the Crown  
 And Glory of my Father,  
 From thence I'll send my Spirit down  
 To bring my Saints together ;  
 His Comforts shall abide with Thee,  
 To strengthen thy Belief in me,  
 And seal thy sure Salvation.

## VIII.

What I have suffer'd, done and taught,  
 Shall be thy Rule of Action,  
 That all thy Neighbours may be brought  
 To follow my Direction.  
 Beware of other Guides of Faith ;  
 Stick to my Self-denying Path,  
 The safest Way of Glory.



*Of the Love of* GOD *in* CHRIST.

*Liebe die du mich zum Bilde.*

I.

**L**ORD, thine Image thou hast lent me,  
In thy never fading Love ;  
I was fall'n ; but thou hast sent me  
Full Redemption from above.  
Sacred Love ! I long to be  
Thine to all Eternity.

II.

Love to blifs thou hast ordained  
Me, e'er I began to be ;  
God of Love ! thou'ft not difdained  
To become a Man like me :  
Love Almighty and Divine !  
I would be forever thine.

III.

Love ! thou haft for me endured  
All Pains of Death and Hell ;  
Nay thy fuff'rings have procured  
Grave, above what Man can tell.  
Sacred Love I long to be  
Thine to all Eternity.

IV.

Love ! my Life, and my Salvation,  
Light, and Truth, eternal Word !  
Thou alone doft Consolation  
To my finking Soul afford :

Love



42      *Of the Love of God in CHRIST.*

Love Almighty and Divine !  
I wou'd be forever thine.

V.

To thy blessed Yoke thou'rt tying  
Me with Cords of Grace and Love ;  
While my Heart is ever crying  
(Looking to the Realms above)  
Sacred Love ! I long to be  
Thine to all Eternity.

VI.

Love ! Thou wilt for ever love me ;  
And thy truth to me reveal.  
Love ! Thou wilt at Length remove me  
From the Reach of Death and Hell.  
Love Almighty and Divine !  
I would be forever thine.

VII.

Love ! in Mercy thou wilt raise me  
From the Grave of Sin and Dust ;  
Love ! I shall forever praise thee,  
When in Heav'n among the Just :  
Sacred Love I long to be  
Thine to all Eternity.

*Repeat :*

Love Almighty and Divine !  
I would be for ever thine.

*Jesus*

*Jesus Christus Gottes Lamm.*

To the Tune of : *Dearest Jesu, we are here.*

I.

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup>, th' eternal Lamb of God,  
Died for Man, his Rebel-Creature,  
Paid the Ransom with his Blood,  
To restore fall'n human Nature :  
Those that mourn their deep Corruption  
Share their Saviour's blest Adoption.

II.

This was loving like a God,  
Who in wondrous Condescension  
Sent his only Son abroad,  
To reveal his blest Intention :  
That the Children of Perdition  
Should be Heirs of God's Fruition.

III.

Now that we are reconcil'd  
By the Son's Humiliation ;  
Will not that Triumphant Child  
Save us by his Exaltation ?  
We, for whom he bore such Labour,  
Are the Darlings of his Favour.

IV.

Now we live by Faith in *Christ*,  
Eying still his bright Example,  
Who for us was sacrific'd,  
And declares our Hearts his Temple.

E

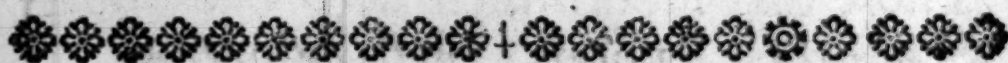
Thus



Thus we Sinners boast with Pleasure  
The Possession of this Treasure.

## V.

Father, to thy Mercy-Seat  
Be our best of Thanks directed ;  
Lord, the Rage of Sin defeat,  
Still assaulting thine Elected :  
And for ever, by thy Spirit,  
Fit us to proclaim *Christ's* Merit.



## Upon DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

*Wo Gott zum Hauss nicht gibt sein Gunst.*

## I.

**I**S God withdrawing ? all the Cost  
And Pains that built the House are lost.  
If God the City doth not keep,  
The watchful Guards as well may sleep.

## II.

What if you rise before the Sun,  
And work and toil, when Day is done,  
Careful and sparing eat your Bread,  
To shun that Poverty you dread.

## III.

'Tis all in vain, till God has blest :  
He can make Rich, yet give us Rest ;  
Children and Friends are Blessings too,  
If God our Sov'reign makes them so.

## IV.

Happy the Man to whom he sends  
Obedient Children, faithful Friends. How

How sweet our daily Comforts prove  
When they are season'd with his Love!

V.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God, whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,  
And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,  
Be Glory now and evermore.

*Wer nur den lieben Gott last walten.*

I.

*N: 239: N. L.*

**H**E that confides in his Creator,  
Depending on him all his Days,  
Shall be preserv'd in Fire and Water,  
And sav'd in Grief a Thousand Ways.  
He that makes God his Stand and Stay,  
Builds not on Sand that glides away.

II.

What gain'st thou by thy Cark and Caring?  
What is it for thou pin'st away?  
Thy Rest and Health thou art impairing,  
By Sighs and Groans from Day to Day.  
Thou art but adding Grief to Grief,  
Instead of getting sure Relief.

III.

Wou'd we but be a little quiet,  
And rest in God's good Providence,  
Who thus prescribes us wholesome Diet  
By Methods cross to Flesh and Sense;  
We might obtain. For surely he  
Knows best what's good for thee and me.

IV. He



## IV.

He knows the Hours of Joy and Gladness,  
 As well as proper Time and Place ;  
 'Are we but faithful in our Sadness,  
 Seek not our selves, but seek his Praise :  
 He'll come before we are aware,  
 And dissipate our greatest Care.

## V.

Don't hearken to thy giddy Reason,  
 As if God had forsaken thee,  
 'And think him happy who, this Season,  
 Is glitt'ring in Prosperity.  
 To Morrow, Spite of all his Brags,  
 May see Thee rich, and Him in Rags.

## VI.

God can, this Hour, with ev'ry Dainty  
 The poor Man's Table nobly spread ;  
 And strip the Rich of all his Plenty,  
 And send him out to beg his Bread.  
 He, when he pleases, turns the Scale ;  
 By Him alone, we rise or fall.

## VII.

Do Thou, with Faith, observe thy Station ;  
 Keep God's Commands, and sing his Praise,  
 Rely on him for Preservation,  
 On whom the whole Creation stays.  
 The Man that's truly wise and just  
 Makes God and God alone his Trust.

*Repeat :*

The Man that's, &c.

*Besiehl*

*Befiehl du deine Wege. Ps 224:11. Ms.*

*Commit thy Ways unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.*

I.

**C**ommit thy Ways and Goings,  
And All that grieves thy Soul,  
To him, whose wisest Doings  
Rule all without Controul:  
He makes the Times and Seasons  
Revolve from Year to Year,  
And knows Ways, Means. and Reasons,  
When Help shall best appear.

II.

*Unto the Lord* turn wholly,  
For he will never fail  
To rescue thee from Folly,  
If thou dost but bewail  
Thy stiff-neck'd Self-Reliance;  
Shake off that Yoke of Hell,  
Which ever bids Defiance  
To him that governs well.

III.

*Trust also in him* ever,  
Without reluctant Will:  
His Promises will never  
Once come behind thy Zeal.  
His Goodness knows no Measure,  
His Love and Care no End,  
For such as wait with Pleasure,  
Till he Salvation send.

IV. And



## IV.

And he shall surely lighten  
 The Sorrows on thy Heart,  
 And with his Glory brighten  
 Thy darken'd inward Part.  
 When Thou his great Salvation  
 With wond'ring Eyes shalt see,  
 Thou'lt say, without Cessation,  
 He loves and cares for Thee.

## V.

*Bring it to pass*, O Blessed  
 Above what Words can tell :  
 And see us all released  
 From Sin and Death and Hell.  
 Direct us, O most Holy,  
 In the blest heav'nly Way,  
 That leads through this dark Valley  
 To everlasting Day.

*Meine Hoffnung stehet feste.*

## I.

**A**LL my Hope is firmly grounded  
 In the Lord of Earth and Seas :  
 He's my Help when I'm surrounded  
 With all Sorts of Enemies, &c.

Him alone,

God or none,

I acknowledge for my own.

## II.

Vain's the Boast of Humane Wonders :  
 Vain's the Trust in Man's Device :

Castles,

Castles, Armies, Martial Thunders  
Fail, and vanish in a Trice.

Built on Sands

Nothing stands.

Vain's the Work of Humane Hands.

III.

But the Love of our Great Maker

Never, never will impair;

Ev'ry Creature is Partaker

Of his Blessings and his Care.

Stores of Grace,

All he has

Waits for Those that seek his Face.

IV.

Does he not supply with Plenty

Ev'ry Thing we truly want?

Were his Blessings ever scanty?

Did his Children ever want?

Oh! his Love

Is above

All that Human Wit can prove.

V.

Let us, then, for his Salvation,

Come before him all our Days,

With the humblest Adoration,

And the sweetest Songs of Praise,

Through his Son,

Who alone

Brought this great Salvation down.



*Warum betrubstu dich mein Hertz.*

I.

**W**HY thus with Grief oppress'd, my  
Heart,  
Dost thou, with Infidels, the Smart  
Indulge of worldly Care?  
Trust thou in God, who cares for Thee,  
And shortens thy Necessity.

II.

He will not leave thee comfortless:  
He knows the Depth of thy Distress:  
The Heav'ns and Earth are his:  
'Tis the Creator of us all,  
Supplies thy Wants, and hears thee call.

III.

My God, the Dealer of my Lot,  
I trust in thee, forsake me not,  
Thy Creature, and thy Child:  
To me, a Heap of filthy Dust,  
Without thy Smiles, all Comfort's lost.

IV.

The Miser's Boast is in his Hoard,  
But mine is in the living Lord,  
Tho' here I bear Contempt:  
This Truth I never will recant;  
Who trusts in God shall never want.

V.

*Elijah* speak! who gave thee Bread,  
When Dearth and Drought had overspread  
Thy Land for sev'ral Years? Did

Did not the Widow's Cruise supply  
Her own and thy Necessity?

VI.

When near the Juniper thou lay,  
God sent his Messenger away  
To furnish thee with Food,  
Which that uncommon Vigour gave,  
That thou couldst reach Mount *Horeb's* Cave.

VII.

Good *Daniel*, in the Lion's Den,  
God ne'er forgot, tho' left by Men,  
But sent his Angel down  
To seize the Prophet's Harvest-Mess,  
For his beloved in Distress.

VIII.

Tho' *Joseph*, into *Egypt* sold,  
By *Potiphar* was laid in Hold,  
For keeping God's Command :  
God rais'd him up to great Renown,  
To save that Nation and his own.

IX.

Did not the Furnace lose its Pow'r,  
When seven Times heated to devour  
The three Men in the Flame :  
God sent his Angel to their Aid,  
And made the Tyrant sore afraid.

X.

Thy Plenty, Lord ! is still as great,  
As t'was in Time of ancient Date :  
In Thee is all my Trust :

Enrich



52      *Upon* DIVINE PROVIDENCE

Enrich my Soul with Faith and Love :  
Then have I ev'ry where enough.

XI.

Vain wordly Pomp I glad forbear :  
Lord! grant me but the meanest Share  
Of Blifs thou hast procur'd,  
By thy most bitter Death and Tomb;  
This antedates the Joys to come.

XII.

Whate'er this present World adores ;  
Its Silver and its golden Stores,  
With all its glitt'ring Shew :  
These all to Worldlings I resign,  
And live content, if God be mine.

XIII.

I'll magnify thee, Christ, my Lord,  
Who hast convinc'd me by thy Word  
Of thine eternal Truth :  
Lord make me constant in my Race  
To everlasting Blessedness.

XIV.

All Honour, Praise and Glory be  
To Thee, most awful Trinity !  
For this thy Grace bestow'd ;  
Encreate in us thy blessed Love,  
Till Faith gives Way to Sight above.



*Of the Word of GOD. N<sup>o</sup>. 350. N.*

*Herr Jesu Christ dich zu uns wend.*

I.

**L**ORD Christ, reveal thy holy Face,  
And send the Spirit of thy Grace,  
To fill our Hearts with fervent Zeal,  
To learn thy Truth, and do thy Will.

II.

Lord lead us in thy holy Ways,  
And teach our Lips to tell thy Praise.  
Increase our Faith, and raise the same  
To taste the Sweetness of thy Name.

III.

Till we with Angels join to sing  
Th' eternal Praise of Thee our King.  
Till we shall see Thee Face to Face,  
And all the Glories of thy Grace.

IV.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n,  
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

P S A L M I.

*Wohl dem Menschen der nicht wandelt.*

To the Tune : *Rouse thy Self, my Soul, and gather.*

I.

**B**lest's the Man, whose upright Walking  
Contradicts ill Counsellors ;

Nor



Nor gives Ear to Sinners Talking,  
 But their wicked Ways abhors ;  
 Who removes with Care his Feet  
 From the Place where Scoffers meet ;  
 And whose Heart is wholly given  
 To obey the Laws of Heaven.

## II.

Blessed, who with constant Pleasure  
 Studies God's revealed Will ;  
 Seeking there for Heav'nly Treasure,  
 Day and Night, his Soul to fill,  
 He is like a living Tree,  
 Which by gentle streams we see,  
 Streaching forth its fruitful Branches  
 Till the gath'ring Time advances.

## III.

Thus shall he put forth and flourish,  
 Who reveres the sacred Word ;  
 All the Seasons him shall nourish  
 With sweet Blessings from the Lord :  
 Tho' through Age he may be grey,  
 Yet his Leaf shall near decay :  
 All his Actions God so blesses,  
 That they're crowned with Successes.

## IV.

Not so fares th' ungodly Faction,  
 Who the Law of Life dilown :  
 They, like Chaff, in Wild Distraction,  
 Shall be driven up and down.  
 Where God tries his pious Race,

Sinners

Sinners can't abide the Place.

All the Righteous God doth cherish ;  
But the wicked all shall Perish.

---

*Liebster Jesu wir sind hier. Nr. 323.*

I.

*M. L. M. M.*

**D**Earest Jesu, we are here,  
To be in thy Word instructed ;  
Guide our Hearts, O Thou, who'rt near ;  
Let our Minds hence be conducted  
And from Earth be elevated ;  
Where we wish to be translated.

II.

All our Knowledge brings no Light  
But is vain and dark by Nature,  
Till thy holy Spirit bright  
Forms within us the New Creature,  
Pious Thoughts and true Devotion  
Have their Source from thy blest Motion.

III.

O Thou Glory all Divine,  
Light of Light from God proceeding,  
All our Hearts and Minds refine,  
When thy Word our Souls is feeding.  
Let our Pray'r, and Meditation,  
Be a sweet and blest Oblation.





*Of the LORD's SUPPER.*

*O Jesu du mein Brautigam.*

To the Tune : *O Lord, how many Miseries.*

I.

**O** *Jesu!* Bridegroom of my Soul,  
Make me, a broken Vessel, whole,  
By that sweet Blood which on the Tree  
Thou pourest out for Sin and me.

II.

Full of Reproach, and full of Fear,  
To thy blest Table I draw near.  
Oh, tho' I'm naked, sick and blind,  
In Mercy, cast me not behind.

III.

O Thou great Master of the Feast,  
My King and Spouse, my Rock and Rest,  
Who hast o'er Sin the Vict'ry won,  
Put me the Wedding Garment on.

IV.

O Great Physician, ope my Eyes ;  
And heal my great Infirmities.  
Wash ev'ry sinful Stain away ;  
And let me taste thy Grace To-day.

V.

Drive from me Darkness, Sin and Wrath  
Endow me with a Living Faith ;  
And mortifie my proud Self-Love :  
And let thy Grace my Glory prove.

VI. Thy

VI.

Thy Body is of Life the Bread  
To Man in Sin and Sorrows dead.  
Thy Blood's the sparkling Wine of Love;  
The richest in the Stores above.

VII.

Hung'ring and thirsting, lo! I come.  
Oh, find me at thy Table, Room.  
To me of this blest Banquet give :  
And let me eat and drink, and live.

VIII.

Tear from my Heart the Root of Sin :  
And there let Grace and Goodness shine ;  
Grace to fear God, and Sin eschew ;  
And Goodness to give all their Due.

IX.

What Soul or Body want, supply ;  
Remove what's irksome to thine Eye ;  
Dwell in my Heart ; and let me be  
In strictest Union with Thee.

X.

Against my Soul when Earth and Hell  
Shall band ; or my own Heart rebel ;  
Subdue the Foes : My Heart subdue ;  
And keep me to thy Service true.

XI.

Adorn my Conversation, Lord,  
With all the Graces of thy Word ;  
And, oh, prepare me all my Days,  
To keep thy Law, and sing thy Praise.



## XII.

That when, O Gracious Prince of Life,  
 Thou call'st me from this World of Strife,  
 I may to thy blest Presence rise  
 And sup with Thee above the Skies.



↳ *Of True and False* CHRISTIANITY.

*Kommt laßt euch den Herren lehren.*

To the Tune : *Faithful God, I lay, &c.*

## I.

COME and hear the sacred Story,  
 All who have a Mind to learn,  
 What's their Life, Reward and Glory,  
 Who the Christian Title earn ;  
 Who, in ev'ry Word and Deed,  
 Shew forth *Christ*, who for 'em bled ;  
 Honour God, and freely Labour  
 For the Service of their Neighbour.

## II.

Blessed are the poor in Spirit,  
 Who Humility possess ;  
 And disclaim their own Self-Merit,  
 Conscious of their Nothingness ;  
 Who to God ascribe all Praise,  
 Resting on him all their Days.  
 To such humble Souls in Heaven,  
 Crowns eternal shall be given.

Blessed

III.

Blessed are the secret Mourners  
For Corruption yet within,  
And for all the Mocks that Scorners  
Make at the Deserts of Sin.  
God who numbers all their Tears,  
All their Sighs and all their Pray'rs,  
Will remove those sweet Lamenters,  
Where no Sin nor Sorrow enters.

IV.

Blest, who in a scorn'd Condition,  
Bowing to the sacred Rod,  
Meekly bears the Fools Derision,  
And the Insults of the Proud ;  
Leaving Vengeance to the Lord ;  
And obeying still his Word.  
To the Meek the Earth is given  
And the brightest Crowns in Heaven.

V.

Blest are those who thirst and hunger  
For the Sweets of Righteousness ;  
And in Grace grow daily stronger ;  
And in all their Ways confess  
Truth and Love that well agree  
With the Dove's Simplicity ;  
Hating Fraud and all Extortion,  
Sweetest Plenty is their Portion.

VI.

Blest are Those, who with Compassion,  
See their Fellow Creatures Grief ;



60      *Of true and false Christianity.*

And with Joy embrace th' Occasion  
To administer Relief.

For God's saving Love and Care  
Putting up a fervent Pray'r.

Such in Heav'n firm Root have taken,  
And shall never be forsaken.

VII.

Blest are Those, who from Subjection  
To the Tyrant Lust are free ;

And with chaste and pure Affection  
Follow Truth and Purity :

Who renounce the Sway of Sense  
For the Bands of Continence.

Such shall have an endless Treasure  
Of the purest Love and Pleasure.

VIII.

Blest are those whose pious Labours  
Truth and Unity and Peace

To establish with their Neighbours  
Never vary, never cease.

Whose Behaviour still is seen  
Calm and steady and serene.

These blest Mortals shall inherit  
Richest Unctions of the Spirit.

IX.

Blest are those who in Affliction

Yield to Heav'n and kiss the Rod,

Without Pride or Contradiction ;

Fearing still and Praising God,

Such shall in the sharpest Wrath

Taste

*Of True and False Christianity.* 61

Taste God's Goodness ; and when Death  
Has from ev'ry Grief unbound 'em,  
Joys eternal shall surround 'em.

X.

Lord with all those splended Graces  
O, this Day, my Wishes crown.  
Cover me with thy Embraces ;  
And O ! make me all thy own.  
Grant me true Humility,  
And an Ardent Love for Thee.  
Bring my Foes to equal Measures ;  
And bless them too with these Treasures.

XI.

Give me Grace in all Conditions  
Firmly to adhere to Thee ;  
And in all the Exhibitions  
Of thy bounteous Hand to me,  
To let my poor Neighbour share  
In my Plenty and my Pray'r.  
O my God let me inherit  
All the Graces of thy Spirit.

---

*Treuer Vater deine Liebt.*

P A R T the First.

I.

**F**Ather, thine eternal Kindness  
Shelters me from final Blindness.  
I in *Christ* behold thy Face.  
And before the World's Foundation,  
Thou didst chuse me to Salvation ;  
Blest forever be thy Grace. II. Whilst



## II.

Whilst I did, with wildest Fury,  
 Wound thy Truth, and mock thy Glory  
 Oh! who can thy Patience tell?  
 Who describes that vast Compassion,  
 Which weigh'd down thy Indignation,  
 And deliver'd me from Hell?

## III.

Once I thought, Outside Profession  
 Put me firmly in Possession  
 Of Religion pure and true;  
 While, alas! all my Devotion  
 Was but empty airy Notion,  
 Mere Hypocrisie and Shew.

## IV.

Moral Duties and Dead Letters  
 Are what vain sufficient Creatures  
 Build their Hopes of Heav'n upon.  
 Works, Outside and Ceremony  
 Make the Merit of a Many;  
 Losing these, their Hope is gone.

## V.

This was long my own lov'd Merit  
 Till, O Lord, thy Holy Spirit  
 All its Falsehood let me see:  
 Shew'd me all my Soul's Diseases:  
 That all Merit is in *Jesus*;  
 Not a single Grain in me.

## VI.

Oh, may I be daily dying  
 To a wretched World, and flying

All

All that's sinful, false and vain :  
Making *Christ* my highest Treasure,  
Firmest Trust and sweetest Pleasure,  
All my Glory, all my Gain.

VII.

Mortifie the *Old Man* in me.  
To my Saviour's Likeness bring me.  
Let me like a *Phoenix* rise  
From its Predecessor's Ashes ;  
And with Beauty that surpasses  
Mount at Length above the Skies.

PART the Second.

VIII.

Some make Shadows all their Treasure,  
Halt between base Fear and Pleasure,  
Or run headlong down to Hell :  
Let my Faith take Wings and hasten  
To that Cross, where *Christ* did fasten  
All my Sins, for there I'll dwell.

IX.

While on Works (true Faith declining)  
Or on Talents gayly shining,  
Some their own proud Trophies raise ;  
Be that glorious Gift of Heaven,  
Faith that's to Salvation given,  
All my Hope, and all my Praise.

X.

If for *Egypt's* wretched Diet,  
Or for *Sodom's* hellish Riot,  
*Satan* shall enflame my Heart ;

O!



64      *Of true and false Christianity.*

O! My God, do Thou restrain me:

O! bestow in Plenty on me

Grace to quench his fiery Dart.

XI.

When Temptation near' has won me,  
Pressing hard, and turning on me

All her Pow'rs and Arts and Charms;

In that Hour, My God, support me:

In that Hour, let Nothing hurt me:

Save, oh, save me in thy Arms.

XII.

When in Seas of Trouble tossing,

Friends deserting, Terrors crossing,

All my Strength and Skill are vain;

From the threat'ning Dangers hide me:

Be my Pilot too, and guide me

Safe to Shore and Peace again.

PART the Third.

XIII.

He that will not be deserted

Must in *Jesus* be inserted,

And become a fruitful Tree,

Hate all wordly Care and Pleasure,

Strive for Christ's most holy Treasure,

And avoid Hypocrisy.

XIV.

Who in Christ seeks his Salvation,

Builds upon the best Foundation,

And of gaining Heav'n is sure

And

And this Trust in his Salvation  
Ev'ry Evil and Temptation  
Makes him firmly to endure.

XV.

God of Mercy, bless thy Creature.  
Form me to thy Holy Nature.

Child-like Innocence be mine.  
Grant me Joy in thy Salvation :  
Grant me this sweet Confirmation,  
That I'm destin'd to be thine.

XVI.

Resignation to all Trial,  
Faith and Hope and Self-denial,  
Be the Rulers of my Days.  
Take me out of mere Profession  
To a full and firm Possession  
Of the Truth which *Christ* displays.

XVII.

Mocks and Scorns at my Condition,  
*Babel's* Cursing and Derision,  
Will be Nothing in my Ear,  
If my Saviour does not fly me,  
If my Saviour stands but by me,  
Where's the Rage I cannot bear?

XVIII.

O Lord, heal my corrupt Nature.  
Make, O make me a new Creature.  
And confirm me with the Seal  
Of thy Holy Gracious Spirit.  
And abolish my Self-Merit,  
And whate'er withstands thy Will. XIX.



## XIX.

Make me fond of still Recesses ;  
Where thy Love and thy Caresses  
May enflame and fix my Heart,  
To love, pleasure and adore Thee,  
To walk faithfully before Thee,  
And no more from Thee depart.

## XX.

Add my Friends and my Relations,  
To thy Holy Happy Nations,  
To the Empire of thy Grace.  
Guide 'em by thy blessed Spirit :  
Let 'em all at Length inherit  
Everlasting Joy and Peace.

## XXI.

Bring both Jews and Gentiles to Thee :  
Bring thy straying Sheep to know Thee :  
From their Blindness set them free.  
Call, Thou loving faithful Shepherd,  
Call 'em from the barren Desert,  
To confess and follow Thee.

## XXII.

Then shall all thy Flock, united,  
With their Lamps full trimm'd and lighted,  
Keep the Marriage of the Lamb ;  
Their Redeemer ever praising,  
Endless *Hallelujaks* raising  
And *Hosannas* to his Name.

PSALM

PSALM XIV.

*Es spricht der Unweisen Mund wol.*

I.

**V**AIN foolish Men profanely boast  
Of God and true Religion;  
Their faithless Hearts are full of Lust,  
Their Life's a Contradiction;  
Corrupted is their very Frame;  
God's Holiness abhors the same;  
There's None doth Good, but Evil.

II.

The Lord, from his coelestial Throne,  
Look'd down on ev'ry Creature,  
To find one Man who had begun  
To love God's holy Nature;  
But all the Race was gone astray,  
All had forsook the saving Way  
Of CHRIST's bright Revelation.

III.

How long will they be ignorant  
Of their Abomination,  
Who thus despise my Covenant,  
Nor spare my Holy Nation?  
They never call upon the Lord,  
But trust unto their golden Hoard,  
And turn their own Defenders.

IV.

Yet are their Hearts in constant Pain,  
And secret Fear and Trembling,

**G**

God



God with his SION will remain,  
 Where Saints are still assembling:  
 But you deride the Poor's Advice,  
 Their greatest Comfort you despise,  
 That God's their only Refuge.

V.

O, that the joyful Day wou'd come,  
 To change our mournful Station,  
 When God will bring his Children home,  
 And finish our Salvation!  
 Then shall the Tribes of JACOB sing,  
 And JUDAH praise their Lord and King,  
 With lasting HALLELUJAHs.

*Of the Fall of MAN.**Durch Adams Fall ist gantz verderbt.*

I.

**W**HEN *Adam* fell, the Frame entire  
 Of Nature was infected,  
 The Source, whence came the Poison dire,  
 Was not to be corrected,  
 But by God's Grace, which saves our Race  
 From its entire Destruction;  
 The fatal Lust, indulg'd at first,  
 Of Death was the Production.

II.

Since *EVE* by Satan was intic'd  
 T' indulge her Deviation  
 From God's Command (which she despis'd,)  
 And ruin the Creation;                      What

What shou'd be done? but God the Son  
Must in our very Nature  
Retrieve our Loss by's Blood and Cross,  
And save the Rebel-Creature.

III.

By one Man's Guilt we are enslav'd  
To Sin, Death, Hell and Devil;  
But by another's Grace was sav'd  
Mankind from all this Evil:  
And as we all, by ADAM's Fall  
Were sentenc'd to Damnation;  
So the Man-God has by his Blood  
Regain'd our lost Salvation.

IV.

Has God bestow'd his only Son  
On us rebellious Creatures,  
To save our Souls, which were undone,  
And wash our sinful Natures  
From all their Guilt by th' Blood he spilt;  
By's Death and Resurrection?  
Then no Delay; this is the Day  
T'insure thy own Election.

V.

CHRIST is the Way, the Light, the Door,  
The Hope and Life eternal,  
The Father's Word and Counsellor  
To conquer Pow'rs infernal;  
Our strongest Shield, t'obtain the Field;  
The Helmet of Salvation.  
Have we a Share in him, who dare  
Assign us to Damnation?

VI. That



## VI.

That Man is impious and unjust,  
 His Hope's Abomination;  
 Who does in God not put his Trust,  
 For Help and for Salvation:  
 He that will frame another Name  
 Than CHRIST's, to justify him,  
 Will soon renounce his Confidence,  
 When SATAN comes to try him.

## VII.

But who makes God his Hope and Trust,  
 Shall never be confounded.  
 No Cleaver to this Rock is lost,  
 Tho' ev'ry where surrounded  
 With daring Foes and trying Woes;  
 His Faith yet stands unshaken.  
 Who loves the Lord, shall by no Sword  
 Nor Woe be overtaken.

## VIII.

I send my Cries unto the Lord,  
 My Heart implores his Favour,  
 To grant me of his living Word  
 A never failing Saviour;  
 That Sin and Shame may lose the Claim  
 To hinder my Salvation;  
 In CHRIST, the Scope of all my Hope,  
 I scape Death and Damnation.

## IX.

Thy Word's a Lanthorn to my Feet;  
 My Soul's best Information;

Of REPENTANCE.

71

My surest Guide and Path to meet  
The Morning of Salvation :  
This leading Star, where't doth appear,  
Reveals those heav'nly Graces,  
Which are-laid up for all that hope  
To taste the Lord's Embraces.



Of REPENTANCE.

*Ach Gott und Herr !*

I.

O God, my Lord !  
How great's my Hoard  
Of Sin to Condemnation !

And where's the Means  
In these sad Scenes  
To make Propitiation ?

II.

Shall I, to cleanse  
Me from my Sins,  
Traverse all Lands and Oceans ?

Run to and fro  
To lose my Woe ?

Oh ! fruitless empty Notions !

III.

No, I will fly  
To God, and cry,  
O, save me from Damnation ;  
For what thy Son  
Has freely done  
Is full Propitiation.

IV. But



## IV.

But if thou wilt  
 Chastise my Guilt,  
 And make me feel thine Arrows,  
 Chastise me here;  
 But keep me clear  
 Of everlasting Sorrows.

## V.

And while, Most High,  
 Thy Arrows flie,  
 O, grant me Resignation  
 To thy blest Will,  
 That ne'er did ill,  
 And bring me to Salvation.

## VI.

And deal with me  
 As seems to Thee  
 Most good, O, Thou Most Holy!  
 Do but avert  
 Th' eternal Smart  
 That's due unto my Folly.

## VII.

As a poor Worm  
 Before a Storm  
 (Clouds gath'ring, Thunder growling)  
 In the Earth hides;  
 And there abides,  
 While smoking Show'rs are falling;

## VIII.

So I, when Sin  
 And Hell begin

To

To threaten my Undoing,  
Run to the Side  
Of CHRIST, and hide  
Me from my threaten'd Ruin.

IX.

His wounded Side  
My Soul shall hide,  
When Death shall draw his Arrow.  
In CHRIST true Faith  
Redeems from Death  
And Hell and Sin and Sorrow.

X.

O! Blessed be  
Th' Eternal Three,  
The Father, Son and Spirit;  
Blest Three in One,  
To whom the Son  
Restores us by his Merit.

---

*Allein zu dir Herr Jesu Christ.*

I.

**I**N Thee, Lord CHRIST, is fix'd my Hope  
And only Consolation;  
I know, thy Mercy bears me up,  
Whilst in this mortal Station:  
None of the Holiest round thy Throne,  
Nor any Saint on Earth, I own,  
Can here relieve me in Distress.  
To Thee I press,  
The Center of my Happiness.



## II.

I feel the Load of Sin, and grieve  
 My Guilt beyond Expression;  
 But for thy Blood's Sake, Lord, forgive  
 My numberless Transgression;  
 And, cloathed with thy Righteousness,  
 Restore me to thy Father's Grace,  
 To taste his condescending Love;  
 Lord, still improve  
 Thy Promise made me from above.

## III.

A living Faith, O Lord, bestow  
 On me thy feeble Creature,  
 That I may taste and see and know  
 The Sweetness of thy Nature,  
 And love my God in Word and Thought,  
 And all my Neighbours as I ought;  
 And when I leave this mortal Clay,  
 Oh, chace away  
 The Pow'rs of SATAN in that Day.

## IV.

To our Almighty God above,  
 The Father everlasting,  
 To God made Man, his Son and Love,  
 Whose Merit's never wasting,  
 And to the HOLY GHOST be giv'n  
 Immortal Praise in Earth and Heav'n:  
 To Thee, the Holy God alone,  
 Great Three in One,  
 All Honour be for ever done.

*So wahr ich lebe, spricht dein Gott.*

To the Tune of: *Our Father, who from  
Heav'n above.*

I.

**S**URE as I live, thy Maker saith,  
I ne'er desire the Sinner's Death,  
But rather that he turn betimes  
From all his former Ways and Crimes,  
With true Repentance come to me,  
And live to all Eternity.

II.

**O** Man! let this Word comfort thee:  
Sink not, great as thy Sins may be:  
Lay hold on this free-offer'd Grace,  
That's here confirm'd by Promises,  
Nay, seal'd with God's most solemn Oath,  
They're blest who their Transgressions loath.

III.

But hate presuming Carelessness;  
Think not, there's Time enough for Grace;  
I'll first partake of youthful Mirth,  
Till I'm convinc'd, how vain's the Earth;  
Then shall my serious Thoughts begin  
To seek Forgiveness for my Sin.

IV.

True, God is ready with his Grace  
Repenting Sinners to embrace;  
Yet, who runs up his Sinful Score  
On Grace, till he can sin no more,

May



May find, to his amazing Cost,  
Long suff'ring Mercy wholly lost.

## V.

Mercy thy God has promis'd thee,  
For CHRIST his Blood and Agony;  
Yet in his Word did never say,  
That thou shou'dst live another Day:  
That thou must die, he has reveal'd;  
But th' Hour of Death lies still conceal'd.

## VI.

To Day thou liv'st: To Day repent,  
Lest all thy Life shou'd be mispent:  
Who's brisk to Day; looks fair and red;  
May lie to morrow sick and dead:  
Who dies in his Impenitence,  
Will ever curse his Negligence.

## VII.

O blessed JESU! grant I may  
Return to Thee this very Day,  
And live in constant Penitence,  
Till Death repairs to call me hence,  
That I, in ev'ry Time and Place,  
Be well prepar'd to end my Race.

*Erharm dich mein O Herre Gott.*

*On the Fifty First Psalm.*

## I.

**S**Hew Pity, LORD! O LORD, forgive!  
Is not thy Mercy still the same?  
Let a repenting Sinner live:

Pardon

Pardon his Guilt who owns his Shame.  
If thou thy Judgments should'st display ;  
I die ; and Righteous is thy Name.  
But, O my God, thy Judgments stay ;  
For I confess my Sin and Shame.

II.

I from the Stock of ADAM came ;  
And my Conception was unclean ;  
My whole Original is Shame ;  
My Nature nothing else but Sin.  
No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,  
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,  
Nor Hyssop-Branch, nor sprinkling Priest,  
Can wash my native Stain away.

III.

O, cleanse my Heart, and chear my Soul ;  
O, chear me with Forgiving Love ;  
And make my broken Spirit whole ;  
And all my Sin and Shame remove.  
Let not thy Spirit quite depart ;  
Hide not thy Love : hide not thy Face.  
O, cleanse again my vicious Heart,  
And fill it with thy saving Grace.

IV.

The Wicked will I teach thy Ways ;  
And to confess their Saviour bring ;  
And shew the Wonders of thy Grace ;  
And teach 'em all thy Praise to sing.  
O, Gracious God ! my Heart inspire  
With ev'ry Movement of thy Grace ;

And



And touch my Tongue with hallow'd Fire,  
To praise the Lord my Righteousness. II

## V.

No Sacrifice dost thou require,  
Besides a Heart that's broke for Sin;  
I bring it then, at thy Desire;  
And it is all that I can bring.  
Thy own JERUSALEM rebuild,  
And raise her broken Walls again;  
And be she with thy Glory fill'd,  
To joy all those that love thy Name!

---

*Aus tieffer Noth schrey ich zu dir.* 101

On the CXXXth Psalm.

## I.

**O**UT of the Deep's of dark Distress,  
The Deep's of Desperation,  
I cry to Thee, my God for Grace,  
For Love and for Salvation.  
Father Almighty should thine Eye  
Be strict to mark Iniquity,  
Oh! who could stand before Thee.

## II.

But (Praise eternal to thy Name)  
Thou hast a Throne erected,  
A Glorious Throne of Grace, where Man  
Was never yet rejected.  
For Mercy is with Thee, our God;  
Thy Son has sealed with his Blood  
Our Pardon and Salvation, III

III.

In the alone I put my Trust,  
Disclaiming all Self-Merit,  
O, Mighty, Merciful and Just,  
Thee I adore in Spirit,  
To thy blest Word full Trust I give :  
'Tis my Support while yet I live;  
And will support me dying.

IV.

With more impatience far than Those  
That languish for the Morning,  
I languish till thou shalt disclose  
Thy love to me returning.  
Ye Sons of ISRAEL, wait the Day,  
Wait till th' Almighty shall display  
His Mercy and his Blessing.

V.

On's Mercy-Seat he issues out,  
For Sins, on Sins, Remission :  
There all's forgiven and forgot ;  
For Christ makes Intercession.  
He turns our Feet from sinful Ways,  
Oh, endless is his Love and Praise.  
By him is ISRAEL saved.

---

*Straff mich nicht in deinem Zorn.*

I.

**O** My God, avert the Storm  
Of thine Indignation :  
Spare a sinful feeble Worm,

How

Tho



Tho' Abomination.

O my God,

Turn the Rod

From thy wretched Creature,

Heal his sinful Nature.

II.

Under thine afflicting Touch

Day and Night I languish;

Streaming Sorrows wash my Couch;

I'm peare'd through with Anguish;

And am hoarse

Thro' the Course

Of a long Complaining,

All my Powers straining.

III.

Sorrow darkens all my Days.

Night still hears me wailing,

And the Minutes, as they pass,

Mournful o'er me telling.

Oh, my Blame!

Oh, my Shame!

That I've been audacious

'Gainst a God so gracious.

IV.

Lord, mine Eye's consum'd with Grief,

And my Heart with sighing:

Yet that thou wouldst grant Relief,

I cannot cease crying.

Lord! how long

Shall my Song

Dwell

**Dwell on Lamentation,  
Void of Consolation.**

**V.**

**Hear poor Dust and Ashes speak :**

**Favour my Petition :**

**Save me for thy Mercy's Sake ;**

**Save me from Perdition**

**Hear my Groans ;**

**Heal my Bones,**

**Which (Oh! angry Token)**

**Thou, My God, hast broken.**

**VI.**

**Lord my fainting Spirit save**

**From the wrathful Sentence.**

**Save from Death for in the Grave**

**There is no Repentance.**

**Hear my Moan**

**Thou alone**

**From my Sins cast free me,**

**And from Death redeem me.**

**VII.**

**Fly, ye Tempters ; Heav'n is mov'd.**

**Mercy is descending.**

**God has all my Pray'r approv'd ;**

**All my Gifts are ending.**

**Satan fly :**

**Mercy's nigh.**

**Him Thou'lt long tormented**

**Now shall live contented.**





Of Faith and Justification L

*Es ist das Heyl uns kommen her.*

I.

**O**UR whole Salvation doth depend  
On God's free Grace and Spirit ;  
All our good Works can ne'er defend  
A Boast upon our Merit  
Derived is our Righteousness  
From *Christ* and his attoning Grace ;  
He is our Mediator.

II.

What God commanded in the *Law*  
Was far beyond our Doing :  
There sinful Nature nothing saw  
But hopeless Death and Ruin.  
The fiery Mount spreads black Despair :  
There's no Reprieve nor Pardon there  
For us Apostate-Wretches.

III.

Who can maintain the bold Conceit,  
That poor Mankind was able  
T'observe by Means of nat'ral Light,  
The first and second Table ?  
The Law reveals the Root of Sin,  
Which lay before conceal'd within,  
With all its hellish Branches.

IV.

No ! t'was beyond all human Art  
To purge that deep Pollution ; All

All Means to move the poison'd Dart  
 Confirm'd the foul Diffusion.  
 The Lord a feigned Work abhors ;  
 Mere Flesh increases but the Curse  
 Of our intail'd Corruption.

V.  
 The Law cried Justice must be done,  
 Or Men doom'd to Damnation :

But Mercy sent th' eternal Son,  
 Who purchas'd our Salvation,  
 Fulfill'd the Law in its Extent,  
 And gave its Wrath a thorough Vent,  
 To pass the Sons of ADAM.

VI.  
 Thus having all the Law fulfill'd  
 Through CHRIST's blest Cross and Passion,  
 He's now the Rock whereon we build  
 Our Faith and whole Salvation.  
 We call him Lord, our Righteousness,  
 Whose Death has purchas'd Life and Grace,  
 And ransom'd us forever.

VII.  
 My Faith avoids all Doubt and Fear ;  
 Thy Word can ne'er deceive me ;  
 Thou say'st no Sinner shall despair,  
 None perish who believes Thee.  
 Who rests on God, and is baptiz'd,  
 Is surely the Redeem'd by CHRIST,  
 And 'scapes eternal Torment.

VIII. The



## VIII.

The Man that bears the Faith that shines  
 In Works of Christian Merit,  
 Is justified, and bears the Signs  
 Of a confessing Spirit.

A living Faith's what God regards,  
 His Love doth Good without Rewards.

Art thou new born in Spirit?

## IX.

The Law reveals sins Sinfulness,  
 Inchanting th' Accusation,

The Gospel tenders saving Grace  
 For Sinners Consolation;

Bid's all lay hold Jesu's Cross;

The Law could ne'er retrieve our Loss,  
 With all its best Performance.

## X.

True genuine Gospel Works denote  
 A Faith of God's inspiring.

That Faith is vain, which is remote  
 And from Good Works retiring.

Yet Faith alone's what justifies,

The Love t'our Neighbour well implies,  
 We are sincere Believers.

## XI.

The living Hope with patience waits  
 God's promis'd Consolation,

Takes all the Turns of Ease and Streights  
 With Christian Resignation.

God knows the Time for our Relief,

T'assuage

T'assuage our greatest Pain and Grief,  
In him we have Affiance.

XII.

Be not cast down, when he delays  
To crown thine Expectation ;  
He then is nearest, when thy Ways  
Seem full of Desolation ;  
On his eternal Word rely,  
E'en tho' thy wav'ring Heart deny,  
And trust in thy Redeemer.

XIII.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Immortal Praise be given ;  
Whose Passion to restore Men lost  
Is all the Song of Heaven.  
May Jews and all the Gentile-Race  
Soon call The Lord their Righteousness :  
Thy Name be ever hallow'd.

XIV.

Thy Kingdom come, thy Will be done  
As 'tis by Saints in Glory ;  
With daily Bread our Tables crown ;  
Forgive our Sins before Thee  
As we forgive our Debtors here :  
Let no Temptation breed Despair :  
From Ill redeem us, *Amen.*





Of a Christian Life and Conversation.

*Hilff mir mein Gott! hilff, dass nach dir.*

I.

**L**ORD, raise in me a constant Flame  
Of undefil'd Devotion,  
To seek to thy Almighty Name  
When Sin in me's in Motion.  
Vouchsafe, that I with Joy espy  
Thy Presence in Affliction;  
And grant me Care to shun the Snare  
Of sinful Contradiction.

II.

Draw me by penitential Smart  
To holy Resignation;  
Create anew my vicious Heart,  
And make it thine Oblation.  
Let me shed Tears for all the Years  
Mispent in sinful Pleasure,  
Give gen'rous Hands to make Amends  
For wasted Time and Treasure.

III.

Quench all my Lust and carnal Fire;  
The Fuel of Damnation,  
And turn the Stream of my Desire  
To strive for my Salvation;  
Lord, grant, that I may ne'er deny  
Thy Truth in Persecution,  
Thy Grace suppress all Selfishness,  
To keep me from Pollution.

IV.

*Of a Christian Life and Conversation.* 89

IV.

All angry Motions turn in me  
Into a meek Behaviour;  
Endow we with Humility.

The Garment of my Saviour:  
Whate'er of Sin remains within,  
Destroy in its first Movement:  
Let Love and Peace, the Fruits of Grace,  
Make daily new Improvement.

V.

Encrease Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
By holy Meditation,  
And make me tread with Constancy  
The Paths of thy Salvation.  
To guard my Tongue from speaking wrong,  
Or giving bad Example,  
The Body feed, yet take great Heed,  
Nor to defile thy Temple.

VI.

Grant, that by faithful Diligence  
I may adorn my Station,  
Nor by proud impious Pretence  
Lose thy Communication.  
Indecency and Cruelty  
Remove from Thought and Action,  
Hard-heartedness and ev'ry Vice  
Root out, with their Infection.

VII.

Make me, by foll'wing good Advice,  
Forsake discover'd Error,



The Needy help without Disguise;  
 And Friends and Foes to pray for;  
 Serve ev'ry Mortal as I can;  
 Hate Sin, and shun its Pleasure.  
 Thy saving Word conduct me, Lord,  
 Till I obtain thy Treasure.

*Upon the LORD'S PRAYER.**Vater unser im Himmelreich.*

## I.

**O**UR Father! who from Heav'n above  
 Bidst us to live in constant Love,  
 As Brethren, and in Truth to join,  
 T'adore this Father-Name of thine,  
 Grant we may always pray to Thee  
 In Spirit and Sincerity.

## II.

Thy Name be hallow'd ev'ry where;  
 Make us to read thy Word with Care,  
 That we may live accordingly,  
 And praise thy sacred Name on high;  
 From All that's false, and All that's vain  
 Thy poor, thy wand'ring Flock restrain.

## III.

Thy Kingdom come; thy Grace be nigh  
 O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;  
 The Holy Spirit of thy Grace,  
 Bestow his Gifts on Human Race.

From

*Upon the LORD'S-PRAYER.*

89

From Satan's woful Tyranny,  
Keep all thy Churches safe and free.

IV.

Thy will be done on Earth, as well  
As 'tis in Heav'n, where Angels dwell;  
In Joy and Sorrow make our Mind  
Be chearfully to Thee resign'd;  
And all our carnal Motions still,  
That do withstand thy holy Will.

V.

Give us this Day, our daily Bread,  
And what we want for present Need:  
From foul Contention, Strife, and War,  
From Dearth and Pest, remove us far.  
Preserve our Peace and Liberty;  
From filthy Lucre set us free.

VI.

Forgive us all our Trespases,  
That are so great and numberless;  
And make us willing to forgive  
Our Foes, and with them kindly live.  
Let mutual Love and Charity  
Unite thy Christian Family.

VII.

Into Temptation lead us not.  
When Satan lays his secret Plot,  
O, lend us thine Almighty Hand  
To fight with Courage and withstand:  
That, arm'd with Faith, as with a Shield,  
We may at last obtain the Field.

VIII. At



## VIII.

At length enlarge and set us free  
From Sin, and all its Misery:

Redeem us from eternal Death;  
Thy Grace support our dying Breath;  
And be our Death and Entrance blest  
Into a sweet eternal Rest.

## IX.

For thine's the Pow'r, the Glory thine,  
And thine for ever will remain.

Increase our Faith; and guide our Ways;  
And give us Grace thy Name to praise.  
According to thy sacred Word,  
A blessed Amen us afford.



## The GOLDEN ALPHABET.

*Allein auf Gott setz dein Vertraun!*  
To the Tune: O Lord how many Miseries.

**A** Lone in God put thou thy Trust:  
Who trusts in Man depends on Dust.  
There's none but God to's Promise just.  
The old Simplicity is lost.

**B**eware of Losing thy good Name,  
For Credit's of a tender Frame:

By Pain and Labour 'tis achiev'd;  
Once lost, can seldom be retriev'd.

III.

**C**hatting avoid, but rather hear,  
Wilt thou with any Grace appear.  
Grave Silence meets with sure Respect;  
But Prating always with Neglect.

IV.

**D**espise thy self; respect the Great.  
T'avoid their Wrath and thy Defeat;  
Wilt thou find Comfort in Distress?  
The Meanest treat with Gentleness.

V.

**E**xpel all haughty Thoughts, and flee  
Those Scandals of Prosperity.  
The Lord thy Plenty doth bestow  
To make thee great and humble too.

VI.

**F**ear thou the Lord and Prize him more  
Than radiant Gold and richest Oar:  
Gold may be spent, but Godly Fear  
Is a rich Store will ne'er impair.

VII.

**G**ive to the Lord with chearful Heart,  
When God his Blessings doth impart;  
Lest thou shoud'st meet the woful Fate,  
Which CHRIST of DIVES did relate.

VIII.

**H**ast thou receiv'd a Benefit?  
With Gratefulness thy self acquit.  
Pity sincere do thou express  
When thou see'st others in Distress.

H

IX.



## IX.

**I**n Labour spend thy youthful Age;  
That brings a goodly Heritage :  
Hard Work's unfit for Silver-Hair,  
When Weakness multiplies thy Care.

## X.

**K**ind be to All, yet trust but Few;  
Pretended Friendship bid Adieu;  
Think on the Word, found true of Old,  
What glisters is not always Gold.

## XI.

**L**et no Disturbance seize thy Heart,  
When frowning Fortune seems to thwart :  
A hard Beginning, when it ends,  
Will make thee more than full Amends.

## XII.

**M**aster thy chol'ric Thoughts within;  
Be angry, but commit no Sin;  
For Wrath bespeaks thee Satan's Slave,  
Who can't discern what's true or fane.

## XIII.

**N**e'er be asham'd to live and learn,  
If thou wilt mind thy main Concern :  
Wise Men make ev'ry Place their Home :  
But Sluggards starve where'er they come.

## XIV.

**O**ne Party hear, but thine Applause  
Defer, till thou know'st th'other's Cause :  
Be just, for Prejudice misguides;  
There's often Faults on both the Sides.

## XV.

XV.

**P**ride dates its first Original  
From *Lucifer's* and *Adam's* Fall :  
Are Many lost by Wind and Tide ?  
More suffer Shipwreck by their Pride.

XVI.

**Q**uote nothing, but what edifies ;  
A false Report soon grows and dies.  
A Gentleman well bred and born,  
Gives all he hears a loving Turn.

XVII.

**R**ely in all thine Exigence  
On thy Creator's Providence :  
None is forsaken by the Lord,  
Whose Life is guided by his Word.

XVIII.

**S**hort is thy Time ; Tide stays for None ;  
The World's a Flash, that soon is gone.  
Be not beguil'd with sensual Charms ;  
Thy Life's at Stake in *Dinab's* Arms.

XIX.

**T**hou must continue doing Good ;  
But still expect to be withstood :  
What Action know'st thou ever done,  
Which was approv'd by ev'ry one.

XX.

**U**pon no Riches set thy Heart,  
Lest it shou'd break, if they depart :  
That Man is wise, whose Heart is there,  
Where never fading Treasures are.



**W**ill any one contend with thee?  
Be rather mute than disagree.

One Contradiction raises Ten,  
And they will end, you know not when.

**X**erxes, relying on his Host,  
Was baffled in his haughty Boast.  
Art thou at War? rely on God,  
Who bringeth Peace, and brings the Rod.

**Y**oung thy Creator learn to fear,  
Wilt thou thy Course most wisely steer.  
Thy future Harvest will be seen,  
Such as thy Life and Seed have been.

**Z**eal for thy God prolongs thy Days.  
Be circumspect in all thy Ways  
Things done without a wise Forecast  
Have ruin'd Multitudes at last.



## Of SPIRITUAL COMBAT.

*Ich ruff zu dir Herr Jesu Christ.*

I.

**T**o Thee, O Lord, I send my Cries:  
O! let them rise to Heaven.  
And let to all my Pray'rs and Sighs  
A gracious Ear be given.

O!

O! make thy Word my firm Support :  
 And grant me Faith so saving,  
     That I, having  
 A cleans'd and humble Heart,  
 May all thy Statutes live in.

II.

And Oh, I pray Thee, O my God,  
 Oh! give me no Denial,  
 Destroy not with thy wrathful Rod  
 Me in the fiery Tryal,  
 Give living Hope when I go hence,  
 And, with all Resignation,  
     Detestation  
 Of all Self-Confidence  
 Concerning my Salvation.

III.

Grant me a good forgiving Mind  
 To All that Evil bring me :  
 Cast all my num'rous Sins behind ;  
 Renew thy Life within me.  
 Thy Word be my continual Food  
 To keep my Soul from starving,  
     And from starting  
 From Thee when SATAN's Brood  
 My Ruin is concerting.

IV.

Let neither Lust nor Fear prevail  
 To draw me from my Duty :  
 By aiding Grace I shall not fail  
 To walk in Faith and Beauty.



For who has ought but what thou giv'st?  
 Thy Favour none can merit ;  
     But thy Spirit,  
 By whom thou all reliev'st,  
     Can graciously confer it.

## V.

I fight, Lord JESUS! and withstand,  
 But, oh, in slippery Places ;  
 Support me with thy mighty Hand,  
 And thine abundant Graces.  
 When Sin and Satan raise their Force,  
 Let me not be affrighted,  
     But delighted  
 To run my Christian Course,  
 'Till I'm with Thee united.

*In dich hab ich gehoffet Herr.* *L*

## I.

**G**reat God! in Thee I put my Trust,  
 Preserve my Soul from being lost  
 In Shame and Desolation ;  
 Thy Grace, O Lord, I will record  
 To ev'ry Generation.

## II.

Vouchsafe to lend a gracious Ear,  
 When I to Thee direct my Pray'r ;  
 Relieve thy helpless Creature ;  
 From outward Woes and secret Foes  
 Redeem my fallen Nature.

III. Thy

III.

Thy saving Name is my Defence ;  
I seek and draw Salvation thence ;  
Thy Grace is my Pavillion ;  
Thou art the God, whose very Nod  
Can crush an hostile Million.

IV.

My Rock, my Refuge, and my Tow'r !  
I rest upon thy mighty Pow'r,  
And trust thy Revelation :  
In thy Relief I drown my Grief  
'Gainst Satan's Machination.

V.

Whate'er my Fears and Foes suggest,  
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,  
My Boast and sure Protection.  
Within thy Care I boldly dare  
Th' whole World and Hell's Infection.

VI.

My Spirit I commit to Thee,  
My Saviour ne'er depart from me,  
But grant me thy Salvation.  
In th' Hour of Death retake my Breath  
Into thy Habitation.

VII.

All Honour Might and Majesty  
To Father Son and Spirit be,  
The Three for ever glorious ;  
In whose rich Grace we'll run our Race,  
Till we come off victorious.

Upon





*Upon Spiritual Distress.*

*Treuer Gott ich muss dir Klagen.*

P. A R T the First.

I.

**F**Aithful God ! I lay before Thee  
 All the Anguish of my Heart :  
 Tho' thou know'st how Grief has tore me,  
 Better than I can impart :  
 Lord ! my Weakness makes me cry,  
 In Temptation when I vye  
 With the Fiend, that would bereave me  
 Of the Faith design'd to save me.

II.

Thou ! from whom Nought is concealed,  
 Know'st how vain's my Care and Strife ;  
 In thy Word thou hast revealed,  
 That free Grace restores my Life :  
 All the Good I find in me,  
 Doth proceed alone from Thee ;  
 Thou thy saving Health bestowest  
 On those thou in Mercy knowest.

III.

Unto thee, my God ! I'm crying,  
 In this great Necessity ;  
 Hear my deep and frequent Sighing,  
 Cast me not away from thee ;  
 Satan's Malice overthrow,  
 Strengthen me against the Foe ;

Ever

Ever keep my Faith from failing,  
JESUS ! make thy Grace prevailing.

IV.

JESU ! Source of our Adoption,  
Thou, who never didst reject  
Those that mourn their sad Corruption,  
But dost all thy Sons direct :  
Tho' our Faith as small, through Fear,  
As a Mustard Seed appear,  
Thou canst make it, O Faith's Fountain,  
Mighty to remove a Mountain.

V.

Let me find, O my Redeemer !  
Mercy in mine Agony ;  
Make me conquer the Blasphemer,  
And break from his Slavery :  
Strength of Faith add by thy Word ;  
Grant to me thy Spirit's Sword ;  
Thus shall Satan be deceived,  
And his Darts of Points bereaved.

VI.

Holy Ghost, of equal Honour,  
With the Father and the Son,  
Of all Gifts the only Doner,  
Hear me from thy Holy Throne ;  
Through thy Mercy I believe ;  
Let me not my self deceive.  
But depend in my Unfitness  
On thy all-sufficient Greatness.

VII.



Rouze me up from present Dullness ;  
 Thy good Work in me advance ;  
 And relieve me, from the Fullness  
 Of thy gracious Countenance :  
 In me keep the Spark of Grace,  
 That with Joy I run the Race,  
 And obtain the Prize of Sion,  
 Which I ever keep my Eye on.

P A R T the Second.

VIII.

Greatest God ! beyond Relation,  
 Ever blessed ONE in THREE !  
 Thou alone art my Salvation,  
 Strengthen mine Infirmary :  
 Quench thou Satan's fiery Dart,  
 E'er it reach my trembling Heart,  
 Lest the Want of Consolation  
 Drive me into Desperation.

IX.

Guard me from his vile Devices,  
 Which thou know'st are numberless ;  
 Keep me free, when he intices,  
 From a fatal Carelessness :  
 Grant me such a Strength that I  
 May withstand him valiantly,  
 And avoid his secret Paces,  
 Thro' thine all-sufficient Graces.

X.

Reach thy Hand to thy frail Creature,  
 That is now in Terror fast,  
 Shrinking under feeble Nature,

Till

Till the mighty Storm is paſt.  
Lead me by the Holy Ghoſt,  
So that Satan may not boaſt  
Of his having diſappointed  
Me, thy Child, thou haſt anointed.

XI.

Come, O Mighty, whom I wait on:  
Be my Rock and Confidence;  
I've not Strength to combat SATAN,  
Raiſe me to ſome Eminence;  
And relieve with thy Shield,  
That I may obtain the Field.  
Overcome that grand Deſtroyer,  
That has ever been a Lyar

XII.

All my Life ſhall be employed  
In thy Praise with all my Might  
That the Fiend has been deſtroyed,  
And with ſhame has loſt the Fight:  
Glorious ſhall thy Mercy be,  
Here, and in Eternity;  
Heav'n and Earth, O, great *Jehovah*!  
Shall reſound with *Hallelujah*.



*Of the Myſtery of the Croſs.*

*Kommt her zu mir, ſpricht Gottes Sohn.*

I.

**C**ome hither! ſaith our bleſſed Lord:  
Come all to me with one Accord,

**Ye**



Ye heavy laden Creatures ;  
 Come hither, all ye weary Souls ;  
 I'll give you Rest from all your Toils,  
 And mould anew your Natures.

## II.

My Yoke is sweet, my Burthen light ;  
 Who'll take it up shall 'scape the Weight  
 Of lasting Condemnation ;  
 I will assist him with my Strength,  
 To conquer Sin, and gain at Length  
 The Prize of his Salvation.

## III.

My active and my passive Zeal  
 Was to perform my Father's Will,  
 And sat a bright Example,  
 To guide your Thoughts and Actions by ;  
 If this is fix'd before your Eye,  
 Your Heart shall be my Temple.

## IV.

The Word would chuse the Blifs I shew,  
 Was it not charg'd to bid Adieu  
 To its own Will and Pleasure :  
 Alas ! there is no other Path  
 But a true meek and humble Faith  
 That leads to endless Treasure :

## V.

What Creature on this Earthly Ball  
 Was ever found, since ADAM's Fall,  
 Without its rueful Story.  
Who'll here not bear for Jesus's Sake,  
Hereafter

Hereafter endless Shame shall take,  
And strip of all his Glory.

VI.

To Day the Man looks bright and gay ;  
Anon falls sick and faints away ;  
Or Death cuts short his Flower.  
Just as a Lilly blooms and dies,  
So quick away the World still flies  
With all its Fame and Power.

VII.

The Worlding dreads the Name of Death ;  
And startled by a dying Breath  
He makes a quick Submission.  
He tiers himself with Trifles here,  
Th'immortal Soul's his meanest Care,  
Whilst in a hale Condition.

VIII.

But when he feels he cannot Live,  
He fancies, that a, *Lord forgive*  
Will purchase his Salvation :  
But, ah ! the long rejected Grace  
May no more shine upon his Face,  
May no more have Compassion.

IX.

What doth the Misers Store avail ?  
Or what the Young Man's Strength ? Both  
When Death's to give the Trial : (fail,  
Hast thou at Hand the richest Store,  
All Earthly Wit, all earthly Pow'r,  
Death would take no Denial.

X. No



## X.

No Respite Learning can obtain;  
 All worldly Grandeur is in vain,  
 To thwart the fatal Sentence:  
 Who will not seek his Saviour's Face  
 In the bright Days of offer'd Grace,  
 Must die without Repentance.

## XI.

But ye, dear Foll'wers of the Lamb,  
 That suffer here in JESUS Name,  
 Your Cross shall end in Glory:  
 Keep close to God's revealed Will,  
 And still keep up a Christian Zeal,  
 To slight what's transitory.

## XII.

Return ye Good for evil Deeds;  
 Your Innocence at last succeeds,  
 In Spite of worldly Crosses:  
 Give God the Vengeance of your Cause;  
 Observe your Saviour's Gospel-Laws,  
 He will retrieve your Losses.

## XIII.

Were you to live in constant Ease,  
 And live as long as you should please,  
 Your Faith wou'd soon be wasting;  
 But Crosses keep, like wholesome Salt,  
 The Flesh from Falling and Revolt,  
 And Ruin everlasting.

## XIV.

Think not, the Cross a bitter Pill;  
 Reflect what Reprobates must feel

In

In their deſpairing Station,  
Where Soul and Body muſt endure  
Pains paſt Expreſſion and paſt Cure,  
Without the leaſt Ceſſation.

XV.

But you, that make a better Choice,  
Shall ſhare your great Redeemer's Joys  
When this your Warfare's over ;  
No mortal Tongue can e'er expreſs,  
With what Rewards the God of Grace  
Will crown his faithful Lover.

XVI.

And what our great and gracious Lord  
Has promis'd in his holy Word,  
And ſeal'd with his own Spirit,  
He will perform and ſafely bring  
Our Souls where Saints and Angels ſing  
Of his eternal Merit.

---

*Ach Gott wie manches Hertzzeleyd.*

I.

**O** Lord, how many Miſeries  
Affault, and diſcompose my Peace ;  
The Path that leads to Sion's Gate  
Is full of Thorns, and very ſtreight.

II.

How hard it is for Fleſh and Blood  
To ſeek the everlaſting Good ;

I know



106      *Of the Mystery of the Cross.*

I know not where to turn my Face,  
But, Christ ! to thy redeeming Grace.

III.

My Heart has never been dismay'd,  
Whene'er to thee I look'd for Aid ;  
No Mortal yet was ever lost,  
Who put in CHRIST alone his Trust.

IV.

That thou art God, as well as Man,  
Lord, thy redeeming Pow'r makes plain ;  
No greater Wonder has been heard,  
Than this, that God in Flesh appear'd.

V.

He sav'd us by his Death and Tomb,  
From Sin, and from the Wrath to come :  
My JESU, Lord and God alone !  
What Name is sweeter than thy own ?

VI.

No Grief can ever be so fore,  
But thy Salvation cheers us more ;  
No Pain so raging, but thy Name  
Can still assuage and heal the same.

VII.

Nay, though my Flesh and Heart should fail,  
Thy Presence, Lord ! will yet prevail ;  
Enjoying thee, and thy free Love,  
I share the Blifs of Saints Above.

VIII.

Thine would I be in Soul and Mind,  
And leave Sin, Death, and Hell behind ;  
Nor

Nor can I better fix my Trust,  
Than in the God of whom I boast.

IX.

Thou never canst forsake thy Child,  
That by thy Grace is reconciled ;  
Thou art the Shepherd of my Soul,  
That ever keeps me sound and whole.

PART the Second.

X.

Thou art my Comfort and Renown,  
My Treasure and eternal Crown ;  
No Tongue can tell, no Voice can sing  
What Joy the Name of *Christ* doth bring.

XI.

He that has Faith and Charity,  
Can by Experience join with me ;  
I'd make this bold Assertion good,  
And dare to seal it with my Blood :

XII.

Were there no Joy in God for me,  
'Twere better I should never be ;  
For he that has not CHRIST within,  
Is dead in Trespases and Sin.

XIII.

My Soul's fond Bridegroom and Delight ;  
Thou Pearl, above all others bright,  
In thee I justly more rejoice,  
Than in the World's most glitt'ring Toys.

XIV.

As often as I think on thee,  
My Heart for Joy doth leap in me, When



When e'er I fix in thee my Hope,  
I find a Comfort bears me up.

## XV.

When in my Pain I pray and sing,  
My Heart is quite another Thing;  
Thy Spirit witnesseth, that this  
Is but the Fore-taste of thy Bliss.

## XVI.

Therefore while Life remains with me,  
I'll bear the Cross, and follow thee:  
To Thee direct this Heart of mine;  
Let it to Nothing else incline.

## XVII.

And aid me by thy mighty Grace,  
With Joy to run my Christian Race;  
Help me to conquer Flesh and Blood,  
And make my Christian Warfare good.

## XVIII.

Preserve my Faith from Error free,  
That I may live and die in Thee;  
My Saviour, grant me my Desire,  
Let me be Thine when I expire.



## Of SELF-DENIAL.

*Jesu meine Freude.*

## I.

**J**ESU! Source of Gladness,  
Comfort in my Sadness,

Thou

Thou canst end my Grief;  
Lord, thy Sight I'm wanting,  
While my Heart is panting,  
After thy Relief.  
Saviour Christ! my Lamb and Priest!  
Heav'n and Earth, without thy Treasure  
Can afford no Pleasure.

II.

Under thy Protection,  
Hell and Sin's Infection  
Cannot hurt my Heart.  
Winds may roar and thunder;  
Satan seek to plunder;  
Vain is all his Art.  
Lightnings Glare may sadly scare,  
And disturb the whole Creation,  
CHRIST is my Salvation.

III.

I defy all Evil,  
Sword, Death, Hell, and Devil,  
With their Slavish Fear.  
Tho' the World's me stinging,  
Yet I will be singing,  
For my God is near.  
Satan's Clan may curse and ban;  
Earth and Hell must soon be quiet;  
Tho' they storm and riot.

IV.

All ye worldly Treasures!  
With your Sinful Pleasures,

To



To your Slaves remove!  
 Honour and Ambition,  
 Cease your Opposition  
 To my sacred Love;  
 Death and Pain, with all their Train,  
 Shall do Nothing but discover  
 How I love my Lover.

## V.

I would leave for JESUS  
 All the Gold of CROÆSUS,  
 And its dazzling Show.  
 Sisters of Ambition!  
 Your admir'd Condition  
 Must expire in Woe.  
 Get ye, hence, ye Joys of Sense,  
 To the Men of Wit and Pleasure;  
 JESUS is my Treasure.

## VI.

Fly, ye gloomy Spirits;  
 JESUS with his Merits  
 Is my Guard and Prop.  
 Those that love TH' ANOINTED,  
 Shan't be disappointed  
 Of their living Hope.  
 While I here with Patience bear,  
 CHRIST is turning all my Sadness  
 Into Joy and Gladness.



*Of giving up the Heart to GOD.*

*Hochster Priester, der du dich.*

I.

**G**REATEST High-Priest, Saviour Christ,  
Who for me wast sacrific'd,  
Make my Heart, thro' thy blest Passion,  
To thy self a pure Oblation.

II.

Thy pure Love accepts of nought  
But what by thy Love is wrought:  
What's not of thy own Formation  
Ne'er attaineth to Salvation.

III.

Kill in me what is unclean ;  
Kill in me the Root of Sin ;  
Snatch my Heart from its Pollution,  
To th' old Man's entire Confusion.

IV.

To the Altar lay the Wood,  
And consume old ADAM's Brood.  
Source of all celestial Graces,  
Let me die in thine Embraces.

V.

Lo, at Length it shall appear,  
That the Lord has heard my Pray'r,  
Lo, e'en in my present Station  
He'll be pleas'd with my Oblation.

*Was*



112 *Of giving up the HEART to GOD.*

*Was gibst du denn, O meine Seele.*

*To the Tune: He that confides in his Creator*

I.

**S**OUL, what Return has thy Creator  
For all he gives and all thou hast?  
What is in all thy needy Nature,  
That can delight his holy Breast?  
The best of Off'rings he requires,  
Is thy whole Heart with its Desires.

II.

Give God his own, if thou'lt be given :—  
Say, Lord, who best deserves my Heart?  
Can Belsebub, who hates the living,  
Or any Creature claim a Part?  
No, God to Thee I all assign,  
My Body Soul and all that's mine.

III.

Accept, O Lord, what thou requirest,  
The first Fruits of my Heart ; that Store  
That Off'ring thou so much admirest,  
And paidst, oh ! paidst so dearly for.  
To Thee my God, I now resign  
My Heart to be for ever thine.

IV.

Where can my Heart be best improved,  
But with Thee, Lord who gav'st me  
Thee can I call my best Beloved, [Breath?  
For thou hast lov'd me unto Death ;  
My Heart with thine from hence shall be  
One Heart to all Eternity.

*Of*



Of PATIENCE and CONSTANCY.

*Meinen Jesum las ich nicht.*

I.

**N**Ever will I part with Christ,  
 Since he dy'd for my Salvation;  
 Nay I would be sacrific'd  
 To obtain this Consolation,  
 That I might enjoy the Sight  
 Of his good and gracious Light.

II.

Jesus will I never leave,  
 Whilst I breathe and have my Senses;  
 From his Merits I receive  
 Pardon for my past Offences;  
 All the Powers of my Mind  
 To my Saviour are resign'd.

III.

Shou'd I lose my very Sight  
 Touch and Hearing, Smell and Tasting,  
 Lord, thy Love shall give me Light  
 When my nat'ral Oil is waisting;  
 When from Earth my Life is rent,  
 Christ shall be my Element.

IV.

Less, far less, I then shall part  
 With my Lord when in his Glory  
 I shall see my loving Heart  
 Rais'd above what's transitory;

Then



114      Of *Cbearfulness* of *Faith*.

Then with all his faithful Race  
I'll rejoice before his Face.

V.

Earth nor Heav'n can satisfy  
One Desire of God's inspiring;  
Only JESUS can supply  
All I'm piously desiring.  
He's the Object of my Love  
Here, and when from hence I move.

VI.

With my JESUS I will stay,  
For he is my new Creator,  
And my Life, my Truth my Way,  
Leading me to living Water.  
Blessed, who can say with me,  
CHRIST! I'll never part with Thee.



Of *Cbearfulness* of FAITH.

*Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.*

To the Tune: *Ye Christians in this Nation.*

I.

**F**ROM God, the Lord my Saviour,  
I'll never swerve nor stray;  
Whose Love and kind Behaviour,  
Doth never die away.  
He always is the same:  
He shortens all my Sorrow,  
And will relieve To-morrow,  
Blest be his holy Name.

II. When

II.

When I am disappointed  
Of all Mankind's Relief,  
I fly to the Anointed  
Who softens all my Grief;  
He ne'er denies his Love  
To his distressed Creature,  
Tho' my depraved Nature  
He sharply doth reprove.

III.

On him I am relying  
E'en in the greatest Stress;  
He's daily verifying  
The many Promises  
He in his Word has made:  
My Life, my Breath, and Motion  
Shall be at his Devotion,  
Whose Love can never fade.

IV.

His gracious Inclination  
Tends to my greatest Good,  
Seeks all Mankind's Salvation  
By his own precious Blood,  
In whom we are restor'd,  
To his paternal Kindness,  
And sav'd from sinful Blindness,  
His Name be e'er ador'd.

V.

Praise him with Hearts and Voices;  
Which to that End were giv'n;



116      Of *Chearfulness* of Faith.

For CHRIST himself rejoices  
To find our Thoughts in Heav'n:  
All other Time is lost,  
We spend in trifling Pleasures,  
Regardless of those Treasures,  
Bought at our SAVIOUR's Cost.

VI.

'And when the present Fashion  
Of this deceitful World,  
With all its Ostentation,  
Down to its Doom is hurl'd;  
Then those redeem'd by CHRIST  
Shall from the Grave's Corruption  
Be rais'd to sing th' Adoption:  
*Hosanna* in the High'st!

VII.

Thus, whilst I bear with Patience  
The present Misery,  
Due to my Disobedience;  
Yet blest Eternity  
I have within my View;  
Where my Redeemer's Glory  
Will change my mournful Story,  
And form me quite anew.

VIII.

This is the Father's Pleasure,  
Who rais'd us from the Dust;  
His Son has endless Treasure  
Laid up for all the Just;  
And God the Holy Ghost

Will

Will shew the new Creation,  
And bring us to that Station,  
Where we shall love him most.

---

*Auf meinen lieben Gott.*

I.

**I**N God, the Lord most just,  
I place my only Trust,  
For he is my Redeemer  
From Sin and the Blasphemer,  
He can and will relieve me  
From what may hurt and grieve me.

II.

Tho' Sin doth rage and tear,  
Yet I will not despair,  
For CHRIST is my Salvation,  
In Spite of all Damnation:  
On him I am relying  
While living, or when dying.

III.

Shou'd my last Minute come ;  
That will convey me home,  
Where I shall see th' Intention  
Of CHRIST and his Redemption.  
I die now or To-morrow  
Then cease all Sin and Sorrow.

IV.

O Lord God, JESUS CHRIST,  
Our Saviour and High-Priest,



Thy bloody Wounds and Passion  
 Surpass our Declaration.  
 No Praise of Men or Spirits  
 Can raise up to thy Merits.

V.

*Amen*, with one Accord  
 Let us intreat the Lord  
 To guide us with his Spirit  
 Till we at last inherit  
 Our great Redeemer's Glory.  
 Farewell what's transitory.

*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.* ✓

I.

**G**OD is our Refuge in Distress,  
 Our strong Defence and Armour,  
 He's present, when we're comfortless,  
 In Storms he is our Harbour;  
 Th' infernal Enemy  
 Look! how enrag'd is he!  
 He now exerts his Force  
 To stop the Gospel-Course;  
 Who can withstand this Tyrant?

II.

All human Power is but Dust;  
 Our Strength an idle Story:  
 The *Valiant Man*, in whom we trust,  
 Is CHRIST, the Son of Glory.  
 He is the Conqueror,  
 Vested with sov'reign Pow'r.

The

The Lord both Great and Good,  
The only living God,  
Gains us the Field of Battle.

III.

If all the Devil's shou'd wage the War,  
In Order to destroy us,  
They should not once put us in Fear;  
The Vict'ry wou'd be joyous.  
We dare the Prince of Hell;  
With Fury let him swell;  
He cannot hurt one Hair;  
We shall escape his Snare;  
CHRIST's single Word can rout him.

IV.

His Word puts all our Foes to Flight;  
With Shame they are confounded;  
For CHRIST instructs our Hands to fight;  
His Spirit is unbounded:  
Tho' we shou'd lose our Lives,  
Fame, Children, Goods and Wives,  
Destroy Hell what it can,  
'Twill find but little Gain,  
God's Kingdom is our Portion.

*Ist Gott fur mich, so trete.*

To the Tune: *Commit thy Ways and Goings.*

I.

**I**S God for me? what is it  
That Men can do to me?

As



As oft my God I visit,  
All Woes give Way and flee:  
If God, my Head and Master,  
Defend me from above,  
What Pain or what Disaster  
Can drive me from his Love.

## II.

Of this I am persuaded,  
And boast now openly,  
That he, whose Love ne'er faded,  
Is wholly turn'd to me;  
And that in Change and Chances  
He stands at my right Hand,  
And, when the Storm advances,  
'Tis calm at his Command.

## III.

The Ground of my Profession  
Is JESUS and his Blood,  
Which gives me the Possession  
Of th' everlasting Good:  
What is my Breath, while living,  
But Smoak and Vanity?  
Does not then what CHRIST's giving,  
Deserve all Love from me?

## IV.

My JESUS and his Merit  
Is all I seek and care;  
Were he not with my Spirit,  
Ah! I shou'd soon despair.  
God's just and holy Nature  
Cou'd never bear in Sight;

By

So foul and vile a Creature  
As I am in his Light.

V.

'Tis CHRIST, who has abolish'd  
The Claim of Hell and Sin ;  
His Grace has cleans'd and polish'd  
My humbled Soul within :  
In him I raise with Gladness  
My Voice and Courage up,  
And dare indulge no Sadness,  
As one that has no Hope.

VI.

I know no Condemnation,  
No Law, that speaks Despair ;  
And Satan's Imprecation,  
I treat with scornful Air :  
No Judgment nor sad Tiding  
Creates Uneasiness ;  
'Tis JESUS I confide in,  
Who skreens me with his Grace.

VII.

His Spirit is the Sov'reign  
Possessor of my Heart,  
No grief there dares to govern ;  
He checks the deepest Smart,  
He gives his Benediction ;  
And, as he dwells in me,  
Cries ABBA in Affliction  
With holy Fervency.

VIII. When



## VIII.

When seiz'd with Fear and Anguish  
 I feel my Wretchedness,  
 He sighs and speaks a Language,  
 My Tongue ne'er can express ;  
 But God, who knows the Motion,  
 His Spirit works in me,  
 Is pleas'd with the Devotion  
 Rais'd from Humility.

## IX.

His Spirit cheers my Spirit  
 With many a sav'ry Word,  
 That those may Grace inherit,  
 Whose Rest is in the Lord ;  
 Who know he doth a Building  
 In Heav'n anew contrive ;  
 Both Heart and Senses yielding  
 To All that they believe.

## X.

There is my sure Adoption  
 Secur'd and seal'd withal :  
 My Flesh may see Corruption,  
 But Heav'n can never fall.  
 And though with Tears I'm sowing  
 This Vale of Misery,  
 The Light of CHRIST's bestowing  
 Cheers all Adversity.

## XI.

Who enters his Alliance,  
 'Gainst Satan, World and Sin,

Will

Will find their fierce Annoyance  
Without, and from within ;  
Reproach, Shame, Contradiction,  
Will fall upon his Head :  
All Manner of Affliction  
Will be his daily Bread.

XII.

This all I have digested,  
Yet keep my Chearfulness.  
On God my Care is rested ;  
In him I acquiesce :  
To him I give my Treasure,  
And all I am and have ;  
His Love transcends all Pleasure  
Here and beyond the Grave.

XIII.

Shou'd Earth lose its Foundation,  
Thou stand'st my lasting Rock ;  
No temp'ral Desolation  
Shall give my Love a Shock :  
No Sword nor Persecution,  
No Want nor Nakedness,  
Shall cause a Diminution  
Of Love I now profess.

XIV.

No Angel, Pow'r, nor Gladness,  
No shining Diadem,  
No Passion, Love, nor Sadness,  
No Cruelty, nor Flame,  
Of what Denomination,  
Be't strong, weak, great or small, Can



Can breed a Separation.

'Twixt me and God and All.

XV.

My Heart o'erflows with Pleasure,

And knows not how to grieve;

My Song bespeaks the Treasure

Of Joy, I now conceive:

The Sun, whose bright Enjoyment

I feel is CHRIST, my Love,

Who gives me sweet Employment,

And lives and reigns above.



*Praise of GOD. M: 272. 11*

*Nun duncket alle Gott. Jo. p. 12.*

I.

**N**OW let us praise the Lord with Body,  
Soul and Spirit:

Who doth such wondrous Things beyond  
our Sense and Merit,

Who from our Mothers Womb and  
tender Infancy

Preserves our tender Lives in Health  
and Liberty.

II.

O gracious God, bestow on us, whilst Life's  
remaining;

And ever chearful Mind, and Peace that's  
ever reigning,

Keep

Keep us in Innocence and Christian  
Constancy :

Thy Grace convey us Home to blest  
Eternity.

III.

All Praise and Glory be to God our Heav'nly  
Father,

And to his only Son, who all his Saints does  
gather,

And to the Holy Ghost, O blessed  
Three in one !

Thy Might and Majesty to all the  
World be known.

---

*Nun lob mein' Seel den Herren,*

I.

**M**Y Soul ! exalt the Lord thy God,  
And all that's in me blest his Name,  
Make known his wondrous Works abroad,  
And oh, my Heart retain the same ;

He pardons all thy Trespases ;

Thy Frailties he repairs ;

Preserves thy Life from great Distress,

With Mercy crowns thy Years ;

He satisfies thy Mouth with Good ;

Renews thine Age with Strength ;

The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,

And save th' Oppress'd at Length.

II.

He has reveal'd his wondrous Ways ;

By MOSES was his Justice known ; He



He sent the World his Truth and Grace,  
 By th' Incarnation of his Son.  
 His anger doth abate betimes ;  
 And when his Rod is felt,  
 His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,  
 And lighter than our Guilt ;  
 His Grace shall be forever blest  
 With those that love his Name ;  
 Far as the East is from the West,  
 He casts our Sin and Shame.

## III.

As Fathers, mov'd with Tendernefs,  
 Correct their growing Childrens Faults ;  
 So chastens God, yet loves no less  
 Those who revere him in their Thoughts ;  
 He knows our short and feeble Breath ;  
 He knows we are but Dust ;  
 His rising Wrath is big with Death ;  
 He summons die we must :  
 Our transient Days pass quickly away ;  
 They're like the tender Flower,  
 One blasting Gale, one scorching Ray  
 Destroys it in an Hour.

## IV.

But thy Compassions, Lord, endure,  
 Now and to all Eternity ;  
 And all shall find thy Promise sure,  
 That keep thy Statutes faithfully.  
 The Lord our great and glorious King,  
 Has fix'd his Throne on high ;

Ye

Ye Angels, to his Glory sing,  
And Men beneath the Sky.  
Join Hearts, and Lips with one Accord,  
And praise his holy Name,  
My Soul, according to his Word,  
Do thou repeat the same.

V.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
Be Glory, Might and Majesty ;  
He is the God of whom we boast ;  
On whose kind Promise we rely ;  
Let our united Zeal be shewn  
His glorious Fame to raise :  
For he's the God, whose Name alone  
Deserves our endless Praise.  
Thus we with humble Confidence  
Sum up our best Desire,  
And saying AMEN, in this Sense,  
Our Faith shall ne'er expire.

*Was kan ich doth fur Danck.*

To the Tune : *Now let us praise the Lord.*

I.

**W**HAT Thanks can I repay to Thee,  
my God, my Saviour,  
For thy long-suff'ring Grace, and Father-like  
Behaviour ?

When I was but a Lump of Sin and  
Trespases,

Did Nothing but provoke thy Wrath,  
O God of Grace. II.



## II.

Great Love hast thou bestow'd on me, thy  
wretched Creature;  
Malice I multiplied, but thou thy loving  
Nature:  
I contradicted Thee; Repentance I deferr'd;  
But Thou delay'dst the Pain I had so  
long deserv'd.

## III.

That now I'm turn'd to Thee, is wholly thy  
Production;  
Thou hast subdu'd in me the Tyrant of  
Corruption.  
Lord, 'tis thy sov'reign Love, that's ev'ry  
Morn renew'd,  
Has broke my flinty Heart, and with thy  
Grace endu'd.

## IV.

What cou'd I of my self but grieve thy holy  
Spirit.  
Finding thy Grace was past my own Desire  
and Merit.  
I'd Pow'r enough to fall from Thee, the  
God of Grace,  
But cou'd not raise my self, to seek thy  
Righteousness.

## V.

'Tis Thou hast lift me up, and set my Feet  
a running  
The Ways of thy Commands, which I before  
was shunning.      Amazing

Amazing Work of Grace, to change  
a Rebel so,  
That now I love the Truth, and shun of  
Sin the Woe.

VI.

That I may not relapse into my old Condition,  
Grant me thy constant Aid, and grant me still  
Contrition ;  
Exert thy mighty Strength in mine  
Infirmity ;  
Renew my Mind to love and serve Thee  
constantly.

VII.

Lord, guide me by thy Hand while my  
frail Life is moving ;  
Leave me not to my self, nor to my Nature's  
Roving ;  
Except I'm led by Thee, my Feet mistake  
thy Ways ;  
Supported by thy Hand, I run the Paths  
of Grace.

VIII.

O Father, glorious God, hear this my  
Supplication :  
Lord Jesu, Source of Grace, reveal thy great  
Salvation ;  
God, Holy Ghost, be Thou my Guide  
and Governor,  
Then shall I praise Thee right both now  
and evermore.

*Wunderbarer*



*Wonderbarer König.*

## I.

**W**onderful Creator,  
 Sov'rein Arbitrator!  
 Look upon us in thy Mercy.  
 Christ, our blessed Saviour,  
 Slight not our Behaviour,  
 Though we have rebell'd against Thee.  
 Lord, our King!  
 Make us sing,  
 With a due Contrition,  
 And profound Submission.

## II.

Heav'n! proclaim the Honour  
 Of thy mighty Donor,  
 Far beyond the whole Creation.  
 Sun! let this Day's Duty  
 Shew thy Author's Beauty,  
 In thy Course without Cessation.  
 Ev'ry Star  
 In the Air  
 Pay him due Allegiance  
 In your fix'd Obedience.

## III.

O my Soul and Spirit!  
 Praise the glorious Merit  
 Of the Lord, without dissembling;  
 All, who've Breath and Motion,  
 Pay him your Devotion,

And

And rejoice with Fear and Trembling.  
Great and Good  
Is our God,  
Of eternal Story,  
And the King of Glory.

IV.

Raise your Hymns of Praises  
To the Name of JESUS,  
All that taste the Heav'nly MANNA!  
He, that thus rejoices,  
Join with all our Voices,  
And repeat devout HOSANNA.  
Blest are all  
That can call  
CHRIST their Joy and Treasure;  
They'll be fill'd with Pleasure.



*The Malabarian Hymn.*

*Sey Leb und Ehr dem hochsten Gut.*

To the Tune: *Raise your Devotion.*

I.

ALL Glory to the Sov'rein Good  
And Father of Compassion,  
The God our Help and sure Abode,  
Whose gracious Visitation  
Renews his Blessings ev'ry Day,  
And takes our greatest Grief away:  
Give to our God the Glory.

II. The



## II.

The Heav'nly Hosts with Awe proclaim  
The Praise of their Creator ;  
All living on this earthly Frame,  
All that's produc'd in Nature,  
Speak their Divine Original,  
Imprest most wisely on them all :  
Give to our God the Glory.

## III.

What is created by our God,  
Enjoys his Preservation ;  
'Tis he extends o'er all abroad  
His Father-like Compassion.  
Throughout the Kingdom of his Grace  
Prevail his Truth and Righteousness :  
Give to our God the Glory.

## IV.

In my Distress I rais'd with Faith  
To God my Supplication ;  
My Saviour rescu'd me from Death,  
And gave me Consolation.  
This makes my Heart with Thankfulness  
Rejoice before the Lord of Grace :  
Give to our God the Glory.

## V.

The Lord in Truth has ne'er forsook  
His faithful Generation ;  
He's still their Refuge, Strength and Rock,  
Their Buckler of Salvation ;  
He leads them with a Mother's Care ;  
Through

Through dismal Dangers, guards from Fear:  
Give to our God the Glory.

VI.

When all the Creatures here deny  
Their Help and Consolation,  
Our great Creator then is nigh,  
With Succour and Compassion,  
And sets the humble Souls at Rest  
That live abandon'd and oppress'd:  
Give to our God the Glory.

VII.

Thy Praise, O Lord! shall be my Song  
As long as Breath I'm drawing:  
Thy Name shall dwell on every Tongue  
Where'er thy Love is growing.  
My Heart! with all thy Strength adore  
This God of Grace this God of Pow'r;  
And give him all the Glory.

VIII.

All ye that name the Name of CHRIST,  
Give to our God the Glory;  
All who confess his Pow'r the high'st  
Despise what's transitory;  
Renounce the Idols of your own.  
The Lord is God, whose Name alone  
Deserves all Praise and Glory.

IX.

Then come before his holy Face  
With joyful Acclamation;  
Extol the Wonders of his Grace,

In



In your submissive Station ;  
 The Lord has order'd all Things best,  
 Ye convert Souls in East and West.  
 Give to our God the Glory.

---

*Solt ich meinen Gott nicht singen ?*

## I.

**S**Ha'nt I sing to my Creator ?  
 Sha'nt I give him Thanks and Praise ?  
 Who by ev'ry Thing in Nature  
 Magnifies his tender Grace :  
 What but loving Condescension  
 Still enclines his faithful Heart,  
 To support and take their Part,  
 Who pursue his blest Intention :  
 All Things to their Period tend,  
 But his Mercy knows no End.

## II.

As a Hen is us'd to gather  
 Her young Brood beneath her Wings,  
 So has God my Heav'nly Father,  
 Kept me safe from dismal Things,  
 From the Hour of my Formation,  
 When he breathed Life in me,  
 Rearing it by each Degree,  
 Till he brought me to this Station.  
 All Things, &c.

## III.

Nay, his darling Son eternal  
 He delivers up for me,

To

To redeem me from infernal  
Death and endless Misery.  
Depth of Love beyond Demension !  
Whence can my weak Spirit fetch  
Thoughts profound enough to reach  
This unfathom'd Condescension ?  
All Things, &c.

IV.

His good Spirit's best Direction  
He vouchsafes me in his Word ;  
And his Wings their kind Protection  
In my Pilgrimage afford ;  
He endows my Soul and Spirit  
With the Light of living Faith  
T'overcome the Pow'r of Death  
And escape the Hell I merit.  
All Things, &c.

V.

My Soul's Welfare and Advances  
Are the Object of his Care,  
Nay, the Body's Change and Chances  
In his Goodness have a Share.  
When my nat'ral Strength is shrinking,  
In the Time of utmost Need,  
He my God steps in with Speed,  
And recovers me from sinking.  
All Things, &c.

VI.

Heav'n and Earth, with ev'ry Creature,  
For my Service are design'd ;  
Where



Where I make my Search in Nature,  
 Food and Raiment there I find.  
 Cattle, Corn, Fruit, Fowl and Fishes,  
 Vales below, and Hills on high,  
 Woods and Waters, Earth and Sky  
 Furnish me with various Dishes.  
 All Things, &c.

## VII.

When I sleep, his Love is taking  
 Care to rouse my drowsy Soul,  
 That I find each Morn at waking  
 Light renew'd from Pole to Pole.  
 Had my God withdrawn the Numbers  
 Of his Angels from my Head,  
 And forsook me in my Bed,  
 I had perish'd in my Slumbers.  
 All Things, &c.

## VIII.

Oh! how many sore Afflictions  
 Have been rais'd by Satan's Crew?  
 Which, by God's Divine Restrictions,  
 Never came within my View.  
 Guardian Angels of his sending  
 Stopt the Malice which the Fiend  
 To my Ruin did intend,  
 Far beyond my comprehending.  
 All Things, &c.

## IX.

As a Father's kind Affection  
 Still endures towards his Child,

Tho'

Tho' he merit sore Correction,  
When by World and Sin beguil'd ;  
Thus, upon my true Repentance,  
Sins are by my pard'ning God  
Punish'd with a Father's Rod,  
Not a Judge's damning Sentence.  
All Things, &c.

X.

His Chastisements and Corrections,  
Tho' they bitter seem to be,  
Yet, upon mature Reflections,  
Are but Monitors to me :  
His blest Purpose they discover,  
To reduce my captive Sense  
From the World's Impertinence  
To my God, my heav'nly Lover.  
All Things, &c.

XI.

This I know with full Conviction,  
As a Maxim ever sure :  
Christian Crosses and Affliction  
Do but for a Time endure :  
After Winter's Frost and Snowing,  
Smiling Summer then appears :  
After Sadness, Pains, and Tears,  
Joyful Comforts will be flowing.  
All Things, &c.

XII.

Since nor End, nor Bound nor Measure  
Can in God's great Love be found,

Heart



Heart and Hands I lift with Pleasure,  
 As a Child in Duty Bound ;  
 Lord I humbly ask this Favour  
 To embrace with all my might  
 Thee, my Father, Day and Night,  
 Till I change this Infant Savour  
 For the Taste of Bliss above,  
 Manly Praise and endless Love.

---

*Womit soll ich dich wol loben.*

## I.

**W**ITH what Fervour of Devotion  
 Shall I praise the Lord of Hosts ?  
 Put my Heart and Tongue in Motion,  
 Acted by the Holy Ghost :  
 For my Thoughts in full Extention  
 Cannot reach thy Love's Demension,  
 Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest King forever be.

## II.

Lord, inflame my Soul and Spirit  
 To revere thy wond'rous Might :  
 JESUS, let thy boundless Merit :  
 Be exalted Day and Night.  
 Blessings now in my Possession  
 Prove thy Grace beyond Expression.  
 Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest Kings forever be.

## III. When

III.

When I make a deep Reflection  
On my former Course of Sin,  
Shame might run me to Destruction,  
So ungrateful I have been !  
Great thy Patience, my Redeemer,  
To so wretched a Blasphemer.  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Greatest King, for ever be.

IV.

When my serious Thoughts consider  
With what Love and Tenderness,  
Thou hast still pursu'd me hither  
All this precious Time of Grace,  
I proclaim with full Confession  
Thy Long-suff'ring and Compassion.  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Greatest King, for ever be.

V.

All my Steps thou hast been watching,  
Still to save me from the Fire ;  
When, at worldly Lucre catching,  
I was sinking in the Mire,  
Thou didst bid me seek the Treasure,  
Which affords eternal Pleasure.  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Greatest King, for ever be.

VI.

O, with what unwearied Patience  
Hast thou drawn my Soul to thee,  
K That



That I from the Sinful Legions  
 To those healing Wounds might flee,  
 Which recover'd me thy Creature  
 From the Curse of fallen Nature.  
 Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest King, for ever be.

## VII.

Yea, my God, but Truth and Kindness  
 Ever dwell before thy Face ;  
 Thou reveal'st to our Blindness  
 Both thy Judgments and thy Grace,  
 That we by thine Operations  
 May discern thy Pow'r and Patience.  
 Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest King, for ever be.

## VIII.

As in Number, Weight and Measure  
 All Things in the Universe  
 Are dispos'd at thy good Pleasure,  
 None but must thy Pow'r rehearse :  
 So have I the greatest Reason  
 To admire Thee ev'ry Season.  
 Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest King for ever be.

## IX.

Now with Comfort, then with Suffring  
 Didst thou, Father, come to me,  
 To prepare a Free-will Off'ring  
 Of what's wholly due to Thee  
 That my Heart's Desire and Treasure

Might

Might depend upon thy Pleasure.  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Greatest King, for ever be.

X.

Parents grant, or give Denial,  
As their Children's Good requires :  
So my Heav'nly Father's Tryal  
Has prov'd best to my Desires;  
For thy Goodness has reliev'd me  
When the fiercest Pains have griev'd me.  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Greatest King, for ever be.

XI.

Thou on Eagle's Wings hast carried  
Me through many dismal Ways,  
When on Shore, or when I ferried  
Over Rivers, or the Seas :  
When Distress and Fear ran highest,  
Thy supporting Hand was nighest.  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee;  
Greatest King for ever be.

XII.

Thousands on my Left were falling ;  
On my right Hand Ten Times more ;  
Guardian-Angels of thy Calling  
Stood behind me and before,  
To defend me from the Danger  
Of the Plague and th' hellish Ranger.  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Greatest King, for ever be.



## XIII.

Lord, thy Father-like Behaviour  
 Is beyond my deepest Thought :  
 With what Price, oh glorious Saviour !  
 My Salvation hast thou bought ?  
 And thy Grace, O sacred Spirit,  
 Is above my Thanks and Merit.  
 Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest King for ever be.

## XIV.

Thousand Hymns of Adoration  
 Be return'd to Thee, good Lord,  
 For thy gracious Preservation  
 And thy saving Love restor'd :  
 Grant me Grace, whilst Time is wasting,  
 To secure Life everlasting,  
 Where thy holy Praise shall sound  
 In a never ceasing Round.

Of SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE. ✓

*Wie schon leucht uns der Morgen Stern.*

## I.

**H**OW bright appears the Morning Star,  
 With Grace and Truth beyond Com-  
 The Royal Root of JESSE ; (pare,  
 O David's Son of Jacob's Line !  
 My Soul's Delight, and Spouse Divine,  
 Thy Love can only bless me.

Precious,

Precious, Gracious,  
Fair and Glorious, e'er Victorious,  
Thou my Treasure,  
Far beyond all earthly Pleasure.

II.

My choicest Pearl, and precious Crown,  
God and the Virgin *Mary's* Son,  
Thou King of endless Glory!  
Thou art compar'd to *Sharon's* Flow'r  
Thy Gospel and its saving Pow'r  
Excells what's Transitory.

Lovely Lilly,  
O *Hofanna*, Heav'ly Manna,  
Thy sweet Flavour  
Be mine everlasting Saviour.

III.

Thy Love, so pow'rful and divine,  
Dart deep into this Heart of mine,  
Thou brilliant Stone and Jewel!  
Confirm me more and more to be  
A Branch of thee, the living Tree,  
That Self may lose its Fewel.

Sighing, Dying  
Is thy Creature; for in Nature  
Is no Pleasure  
Without Thee, my King and Treasure.

IV.

From God descends a Glance of Joy,  
When thou, with thy most gracious Eye,  
Beholdst thy loving Creature:

*Immanuel*! my sov'reign Good, Thy



Thy Word, thy Spirit, Flesh and Blood  
 Renew my very Nature :  
 Grant me sweetly  
 Thine Embraces, that the Graces  
 Of Salvation  
 May root out all Depravation.

## V.

Thou Father, from Eternity,  
 In Mercy wast inclin'd to me,  
 Through CHRIST, thy well beloved ;  
 Thy Son has chose me for his Bride ;  
 In this my Spouse I can confide ;  
 My Love shall ne'er be moved :  
 O ! this Bliss is  
 Of his giving, who's the Living  
 Bread and Manna ;  
 Ever will I sing HOSANNA.

## VI.

Tune all your Strings of Lute and Harp,  
 Resolve the Notes of Flat and Sharp  
 Into Celestial Concords,  
 That nothing may disturb my Frame,  
 Which is wrapt up in Jesus' Name,  
 The sweetest of all Comforts.  
 Ringing, Singing,  
 In your Praises let the Phrases  
 Of your Duty  
 Please the Lord of Bliss and Beauty.

## VII.

My Joy to all the World be known,  
 That my Beloved keeps his Throne,

On Hills of Light and Glory.  
He'll kindly bring me to that Place,  
Where all the Wonders of his Grace  
Shall lie disclos'd before me.

*Amen ! Amen !*

Lord my Sov'reign ! come and govern  
All the Nations ;  
Come ! I wait with great impatience.



SION's Complaints.

*Ach Gott vom Himmel sieh darcin,*

I.

**O** Lord, in Mercy cast an Eye  
On thy distressed Sion ;  
How few of Christians canst thou spy  
That 'scape th' infernal Lion ?  
Thy Truth was never more despis'd,  
Faith, Charity is but disguis'd  
Amongst its mere Professors.

II.

They teach but Lies and Flattery,  
What is their own Invention ;  
Their Doctrine is but Mockery  
Of God and his Intention :  
One chuses this, another that,  
Pretending to they know not what,  
Though Saint-like in Appearance.

III.

Root out all mere Formality,



O Lord! and its Infection,  
 Confound refin'd Hypocrisy,  
 Which is beyond Correction.  
 Yet shall our Words be free, they cry:  
 Where is the Lord will ask us why?  
 Who dares controul our Sayings?

## IV.

The Lord, who sees the Poor oppress,  
 And hears the proud Professors,  
 Will rise to give his Children Rest,  
 And curb their sore Oppressors;  
 Nor will he send his Word in vain,  
 But wilful Mockers shall be slain,  
 To save his poor Beloved.

## V.

As Silver sev'n Times purify'd  
 Shines in its greatest Beauty;  
 So, Lord, thy Word, the oftner try'd,  
 Exerts the greater Duty;  
 Affliction shall refine it more,  
 And shew its Energy and Pow'r  
 According to thy Promise.

## VI.

O Lord, we pray, preserve it pure  
 In this our Generation,  
 And let us dwell in Thee secure  
 From all Abomination.  
 For Sin increases ev'ry Day,  
 In ev'ry Place where bear the Sway  
 The Church of CHRST's Blasphemers.

Morning



Morning HYMN.

*N. 429; N. 10.  
M. D.*

*Wach auf mein Hertz und singe.*

I.

**M**Y Soul, awake, and tender  
To God, thy great Defender,  
Thy Prayer and Thanksgiving,  
Because thou art still living.

II.

Last Night, when lying senseless,  
And utterly defenceless,  
I was in greatest Danger,  
From Darkness and its Ranger.

III.

Nay, when that Lion's Fury  
Was ready to devour me;  
Thy gracious Condescension  
Has cross'd his foul Intention.

IV.

Thou said'st: My Child, be easy;  
My Presence shall release Thee  
From frightful Pain and Evil,  
In Spite of Hell and Devil.

V.

Thou, Lord, hast kept thy Promise;  
In vain was Satan's Malice;  
With Joy I now discover  
Thy Light, O Lord, my Lover.

**VI. My**



## VI.

My Thanks shall be the Spices  
Of Morning Sacrifices ;  
My deep Humiliation  
Sues for thine Acceptation.

## VII.

In gracious Condescension  
Despise not my Intention ;  
Nor Body, Soul, nor Spirit  
Can boast of any Merit.

## VIII.

Fulfil in me thy Pleasure ;  
Thy Mercy be my Treasure ;  
Thy Angel guard my Goings  
From Satan's guileful Doings.

## IX.

Bless ev'ry Thought and Action ;  
Thy Will be my Direction :  
Beginning, Middle, Ending  
To thee alone be tending.

## X.

Thy Bliss be my Salvation ;  
My Heart thy Habitation :  
Thy Word my Food and Relish,  
Till thou destroy'st what's Hellish.

*Gott des Himmels und der Erden.*

## I.

**G**OD, the Lord of the Creation,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Night

Night and Day, in Separation,  
Sun and Moon thy Glory boast.  
All Things in the Universe  
Thy preserving Grace rehearse.

II.

Lord! to thee my Praise and Prayer  
Are directed from my Heart;  
'Tis thou foil'dst my Soul's Betrayer,  
And preserv'dst me from his Art;  
So that his ensnaring Train,  
By thy Grace, is laid in vain.

III.

Let the Night of my Transgression  
With the Darkness pass away,  
JESU! into thy Possession  
I resign my self to Day.  
In thy Wounds I find Relief  
For my greatest Sin and Grief.

IV.

Grant, that free I rise this Morning  
From the Lethargy of Sin;  
That my Soul, through thy adorning,  
Be all glorious within;  
And that at the Judgment-Day  
I be not a Cast-away.

V.

Let my Life and Conversation  
Be directed by thy Word;  
Lord! thy constant Preservation  
To thy erring Child afford.



No where but alone in thee  
From all Harm I can be free.

## VI.

Lord! my Body, Soul and Spirit,  
Keep in thine Almighty Hand:  
By thy All sufficient Merit,  
Make me follow thy Command.  
Oh! my Glory and Renown,  
Fit me for th' eternal Crown.

## VII.

To thy Angels keeping give me,  
To direct my erring Feet;  
And, when Satan would deceive me,  
Disappoint the hellish Cheat.  
Bring at last my Soul to Rest,  
Where thou reign'st among the Blest.

## VIII.

Hear my humble Supplication,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
With sincerest Adoration  
Thee I love, of Thee I boast.  
O, I'll praise thy Grace to me  
Here, and in Eternity.



## Evening HYMN.

*Fur deinen Thron tret ich hiemit.*

## I.

**B**EFORE thy Throne I now appear,  
O Lord, bow down thy gracious Ear  
To

To me ; and cast not from thy Face  
A sinful Wretch who sues for Grace.

II.

Thou Father of Eternity,  
Thine Image hast impress'd on me :  
In thee I am, and live, and move ;  
Nor can I breath without thy Love.

III.

Oft hast thou snatch'd me from Distress,  
And rais'd me oft when comfortless ;  
When but a Step nay one Hair's Breadth  
Was 'twixt my tott'ring Life and Death.

IV.

My Sense and Reason come from thee ;  
And Sustenance thou giv'st to me ;  
A Christian Friend bestow'st withal,  
To aid me when I'm like to fall.

V.

Thou Son ! by thy most precious Blood  
Hast purchas'd everlasting Good :  
The cursing Law thou dost repeal,  
And sav'st me from the Rage of Hell.

VI.

When Sin and Satan me impeach,  
And Conscience is within their Reach,  
As Mediator thou step'st in,  
And sav'st me from the Curse of Sin.

VII.

My Intercessor and High Priest,  
My Joy, Truth, Comfort, and my Rest !  
Thy



Thy all-sufficient Merit is  
The Source of my eternal Bliss.

## VIII.

Thou HOLY GHOST ! Supreme Good,  
Disposer of the Heav'nly Food,  
What can be counted good in me,  
But what proceeds alone from Thee ?

## IX.

Through thee, I now my God adore,  
And call him Father evermore ;  
Through thee, thy Word and Sacrament  
I see and hold with great content.

## X.

Through thee, I'm in Temptation free  
From Fear and sad Despondency ;  
Through thee, I'm quicken'd oft to taste  
The Sweets of thine eternal Rest.

## XI.

This makes my Heart and Tongue rehearse  
Thy glorious Praise in faithful Verse,  
For all the Grace and Mercy free  
Thou, to this Hour, hast shed on me.

## XII.

Beseeching thine Almighty Grace  
To aid me till I've run my Race :  
Whilst All thou hast conferr'd on me,  
Intirely is ascrib'd to Thee.

## XIII.

Give me a Heart that is sincere,  
To love the Truth, and persevere

In real Christianity,  
And shun all foul Hypocrisy.

XIV.

Forgive the Sins of early Days ;  
Forgive the Sins of Carelessness :  
Give me true Faith and Charity,  
That all my Hope may rest in thee.

XV.

A blessed Exit grant I make ;  
And when at last I shall awake,  
O, let me see thy glorious Face,  
And reap the endless Joys of Grace.

*Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.*

I.

**A**ND now another Day is gone ;  
The Sun has left the Shore ;  
All seek for Rest, whose Work is done,  
And leave the lab'ring Oar.

II.

But thou, my God, want'st no such Rest ;  
Thy Glory knows no Night ;  
With Thee the Darknels can't contest,  
For Thou thy self art Light.

III.

In Mercy Lord, remember me,  
This instant passing Night ;  
And grant to me most graciously  
The Safeguard of thy Might.

Destroy



## IV.

Destroy old Satan's Tyranny,  
By th' Holy Angels Host ;  
So shall I be from Danger free ;  
And Sorrow will be lost.

## V.

And though I feel the Load of Sin,  
Which still oppresses me,  
Yet th' Anguish thy dear Son was in,  
Has greater weight with Thee.

## VI.

'Tis he alone that pleads for me ;  
His Merits hide my Crime :  
A Reprobate I ne'er can be  
While I've a Share in him.

## VII.

With chearful Heart I close my Eyes,  
Since thou'lt not from me move,  
O, in the Morning let me rise  
Rejoicing in thy Love.

## VIII.

Away from me ye vain Desires :  
A new Design I start ;  
A Temple in me God requires ;  
And it shall be my Heart.

## IX.

O, if this Night shall prove my last,  
And end my transient Days,  
Convey me to thy promis'd Rest,  
Where I may sing thy Praise.

X. Thus

X.

Thus I desire to live and dye  
To Thee the God of Love;  
In Life and Death I do rely  
On Thee who reign'st above.

*Werde munter mein Gemuthe.* (346: G. H. B.)

I.

**R**ouse thy self, my Soul and gather  
All thy Senses from abroad,  
To adore thy Heav'nly Father,  
And the Goodness of thy God,  
For preserving Thee this Day,  
Chasing Satan's Host away,  
That their Malice and Delusion  
Cou'd not put Thee to Confusion.

II.

Blessed be thy gracious Favour,  
Father of Eternity!  
That thou'st help me in my Labour,  
And my great Necessity;  
That in all my Care and Grief  
Thou hast sent me sure Relief,  
And remov'd, on all Occasion,  
What might frustrate my Salvation.

III.

None of all the skill'd in Numbers,  
Nor the Sons of Eloquence  
Can express or count the Wonders  
Of thy gracious Providence.

O,



O, thy Mercies are too great  
For us Mortals to repeat,  
Let us then adore in Spirit  
What's above our Sense and Merit.

## IV.

Now this tiresome Day is finish'd,  
Gloomy Night draws on apace ;  
Chearful DayLight is diminish'd,  
And the Sun has hid his Face.  
Lord, endow me with thy Love,  
That the Instances I prove  
Of thy Care and thy Protection  
Work in me a pure Subjection.

## V.

Pardon, Lord, each sad Transgression,  
Whether open or unknown,  
With the weight of whose Oppression  
I all Night in secret moan ;  
So that Satan's fiery Dart  
Often pierces through my Heart,  
And disturbs the blest Intention  
Of thy Grace and thy Redemption.

## VI.

Tho' I've stray'd and thee denied ;  
As I willingly return,  
For his Sake who for me died,  
Let thy Wrath no longer burn ;  
I confess the Guilt of Sin ;  
But thy Grace can make me clean,  
Which exceeds, beyond Expression,

All the Poison of Transgression.

VII.

Author of Illumination,

Light of Light, eternal Word,  
Soul and Body's Preservation

I commit to thee, O Lord:

My Redeemer dwell in me,

That I sleep and wake with thee,

And enjoy thy Consolation

In the Night of Perturbation.

VIII.

Guard me from the Snares of Satan,

And the Pow'r of Sin and Hell;

Which raise Dreams I never thought on,

And abominate to tell.

Let me never lose the Sight

Of thy good and gracious Light.

Having thee, I can be quiet

'Midst the Furies Storm and Riot.

IX.

When I close mine Eyes to slumber,

And my Senses fall asleep,

Let my Heart, awake, the Number

Of thy Mercies tell and keep.

Fill me with thy sacred Love,

That I dream of what's above,

And keep close to Thee my Saviour

Even in my Nights Behaviour.

X.

Grant, that under thy Protection,

I enjoy a quiet Rest;

Guard



Guard me from Night Sins Infection ;  
 Number me among the Blest,  
 Soul and Body, Heart and Mind  
**Keep** from Harm of ev'ry Kind  
 Friends and Foes and each Relation  
 Visit with thy new Creation.

## XI.

Let no frightful Rumour wake me  
 From within or from abroad ;  
 Let no Sicknes over take me ;  
 Lord, be thou my sure Abode.  
 Fire and Water, Pestilence,  
 Death that's sudden off me fence,  
 Lest I dye in my Transgression,  
 And fall short of thy Possession.

## XII.

Father hear the Supplication  
 Of thy poor unworthy Child.  
**Jesu !** through thy Mediation,  
 Make me truly reconcil'd.  
 Holy Ghost, of equal Praise,  
 I depend upon thy Grace.  
 Sacred three ! be pleas'd to say then :  
 Even so it shall be, **AMEN !**

*Christe der du bist Tag und Licht.*

## I.

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup>, everlasting Source of Light,  
 All Things lie naked in thy Sight ;  
 Thou

Thou Splendor of thy Father's Face,  
Teach us to tread the Paths of Grace.

II.

We come t'implore thy sov'rein Might,  
To keep thy Flock this instant Night  
From all the Wiles of th' Enemy,  
O Father of Eternity.

III.

Remove our sinful Drowfiness;  
Shield us, when Satan would oppress;  
The feeble Flesh keep chaste and pure,  
And let us rest in Thee secure.

IV.

And when our Eyes are bound in Sleep,  
The Lamp of Faith still burning keep;  
And, oh, sustain us while we rest;  
And Sin remove, and we are blest.

V.

Great Guardian of thy Christian Flock,  
Thy Presence be our saving Rock;  
Thy Agony and bloody Sweat  
Be our Support in ev'ry Strait.

VI.

Forget not, Lord, the Pain and Woe  
That fast pursue us here below:  
The Soul, thou'lt ransom'd by thy Blood,  
Unite with Thee th' eternal Good.

VII.

To God the Father and the Son,  
Who wears his Father's brightest Crown,  
And



And to the Spirit of his Grace,  
Be highest Majesty and Praise.



Praise after MEAT.

*Singen wir aus Herten Grund.*

I.

**N**OW give Thanks, ye Old and Young;  
Praise the Lord with Heart & Tongue:  
For his Mercy still supplies  
All Mankinds Necessities.

As he feeds the Birds and Beasts,  
So he makes us all his Guests;  
Giving daily joyous Feasts.

II.

Praise him, for it is but just;  
He has rais'd us from the Dust;  
Gives us Being, gives us Breath,  
Saves us from eternal Death:  
From the Time that We remove  
From the Womb, we taste his Love,  
And it daily doth improve.

III.

Soon as we from Dust are rear'd,  
Our Provisions are prepar'd.  
Mercy feeds us in the Womb,  
Till we break the living Tomb:  
Ev'ry Feature of our Frame  
Speaks the Wisdom of his Name  
From whose Love our Being came.

IV. God

IV.

God adorns this Earth below ;  
Ev'ry where Provisions grow ;  
Hills and Dales, the Wood and Field  
Our Creator's Blessings yield.  
Wine and Bread, the Best of Food,  
He bestows on Bad and Good ;  
Were his Love but understood !

V.

Seas and Rivers Fish afford  
For us Boarders on the Lord ;  
Birds and Cattle multiply  
In a vast Variety ;  
Nay, where'er we turn our Sight,  
God displays for our Delight  
Endless Wonders of his Might.

VI.

Lord, enlarge our narrow Sense,  
So t'adore thy Providence,  
That our Body, Soul and Mind,  
May to thee be all resign'd,  
Keeping up a thankful Frame,  
Till we praise thy glorious Name  
At the Supper of the Lamb.

---

*Den Vater dort oben.*

I.

**F**Ather, Lord of Mercy !  
We beg leave to praise Thee,

Who



Who reliev'ft our present Wants,  
 And giv'ft us sweet Sufenance ;  
 And thy Well-Beloved,  
 By whose Grace thy Blessings are,  
 Plenteously improved.

## II.

Thus in Truth and Spirit  
 We return all Merit  
 To the glorious One and Three,  
 Now and in Eternity ;  
 Since thy gracious Providence  
 Has fustain'd our Life with Food,  
 And supply'd our Indigence.

## III.

Slight not this Oblation,  
 Lord of our Creation !  
 Which we bring in Jesus' Name  
 And the Merits of the Lamb,  
 Through whose Intercession  
 Thou art pleas'd to overlook  
 All our past Transgression.

## IV.

What have feeble Creatures  
 In their sinful Natures,  
 To repay one single Grace,  
 But Distress and Shame of Face ?  
 Oh ! who can repay Thee ?  
 For 'tis thine whate'er we have  
 And enjoy yet daily.

V. Lord,

V.

Lord, accept our Graces,  
With this Song of Praises,  
And forgive what is amiss,  
For his Sake who gain'd us Bliss.  
CHRIST, thy blest Example  
Print upon us, that we may  
Be thy living Temple.



*In Common Calamity.*

*Wenn wir in hochsten Nothen seyn.*

I.

**W**HEN we are under great Distress;  
And ev'ry Thing seems comfortless,  
No Creature gives the least Relief,  
But all encrease our Weight of Grief.

II.

The only Refuge then we have  
Is, that we meet, and humbly crave  
Thy helping Hand, O faithful God,  
To save us from the wrathful Rod.

III.

And lifting up our Eyes and Heart  
To thee, with true repenting Smart,  
We seek from Sin a full Release,  
And seek to make thy Judgments cease.

IV.

As thou hast promis'd in thy Word,  
To All that turn to Thee, O Lord!

L

And



And love the Name of JESUS CHRIST,  
Our Mediator and High-Priest.

V.

We then address our selves to Thee,  
In this our great Calamity,  
Beseeching thine Almighty Hand  
To take this Evil from our Land.

VI.

Remember not our num'rous Crimes,  
But cleanse us from all Guilt betimes;  
Assist us with thy mighty Grace,  
And turn on us thy shining Face.

VII.

That, for our great Deliv'rance, we  
May render Praise and Love to Thee;  
Pay true Obedience to thy Word,  
And ever live in Thee, O Lord!

*Du Friede Fürst Herr Jesu Christ.*

I.

**L**ORD JESU, blessed Prince of Peace,  
True God, and very Man,  
By thee our Troubles rise and cease,  
Whose Life is but a Span.  
Thy Saving Name is what we claim  
Before thy heav'nly Father.

II.

We are beset with great Distress  
Of War and Pestilence,

What

What can restore our Happiness  
But, Lord, thy Providence?  
Be pleas'd to plead for us in Need;  
Avert th' impending Judgment.

III.

Thy Name declares thy great Design,  
Restorer of our Peace!  
Thy Love, so pow'rful and divine,  
Gives all the Wretched Ease.  
Withdraw not, Lord, thy holy Word  
From this our Generation.

IV.

The Danger's great, and Safety rare,  
Where Pestilence doth run;  
But who is able to declare  
The Mischiefs War brings on?  
When we're debarr'd the due Regard  
Of Laws Divine and Moral.

V.

War tears the Root of Honesty,  
And Mercy leaves behind,  
And gives new Life to Blasphemy,  
And Vice of ev'ry Kind.  
O Lord our God, remove this Rod  
From thy distressed People.

VI.

We own, our Guilt deserves yet more  
From thy most righteous Hands;  
But thy blest Grace exceeds in Pow'r  
The Sins of ev'ry Land.



O Lord, forgive; let Sinners live,  
That we may praise thy Goodness.

## VII.

Enlighten with forgiving Grace  
The Darkness of our Heart,  
That we may hate the Scoffer's Ways,  
Nor take the Atheist's Part.

CHRIST, Thee we own, Thou art alone  
Our Strength and our Redeemer.

*Nimm von uns Herr du treuer Gott.*

To the Tune: *Our Father, who from Heav'n, &c.*

## I.

**R**emove from us, O faithful God,  
Thy dreadful and avenging Rod,  
Which by our num'rous crying Crimes  
We have deserv'd a Thousand Times,  
Sad Famine, War and Pestilence  
Prevent by thy good Providence.

## II.

In Pity, Lord, look on our Race;  
And grant us thy all-saving Grace;  
Should thy just Anger go so far  
To call us to thy Judgment-Bar.  
What Man could stand before thine Eye,  
Or plead his Truth, and Guilt deny?

## III.

In Thee we trust; to Thee on high,  
In Heaviness of Soul we cry.

Give

Give us a Token of thy Grace,  
By shewing thy relieving Face.  
By true Repentance bring us Home,  
And save us from the Wrath to come.

IV.

Oh, raise no more such dreadful Storms  
Against so vile and feeble Worms.

O, great Creator, thou well know'st,  
That this our Frame's but transient Dust;  
Our best Endeavours Little gain;  
And, search'd by thee, we're all but vain.

V.

Sin still besets us ev'ry where;  
Nor Satan fails to lay his Snare;  
The wicked World, with Flesh and Blood  
Conspires to rob us of all Good.  
O Lord, this is not hid from Thee;  
Have Mercy on our Misery.

VI.

Regard thy Son's most bitter Moans,  
Wounds, Agonies, and dying Groans;  
The Pains he felt, the Blood he spilt  
T'atone for all our Sin and Guilt.  
O, for his Sake our Guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning Sinners live.

VII.

O Lord, conduct us by thy Hand;  
And bless these Realms by Sea and Land;  
Preserve thy Word amongst us pure;  
Keep us from Satan's Wiles secure;

Grant



Grant us to dye in Peace and Love,  
And see thy glorious Face above.



Cradle HYMN.

*Schlaff sanfft und wohl, schlaff liebes Kind.*

To the Tune: *With this new Year, &c.*

I.

**S**leep well, my Dear; sleep safe and free,  
The holy Angels are with Thee,  
Who always see thy Father's Face,  
And never slumber, Nights nor Days.

II.

Thou ly'st in Down, soft ev'ry Way;  
Thy Saviour lay in Straw and Hay;  
Thy Cradle is far better drest,  
Than the hard Crib where he did rest.

III.

None dare disturb thy present Ease;  
He had a Thousand Enemies:  
Thou liv'st in great Security;  
But he was punish'd, and for Thee.

IV.

God make thy Mother's Health increase,  
To see thee grow in Strength and Grace,  
In Wisdom and Humility,  
As Infant-JEUS did for Thee.

V.

God fill thee with his heav'nly Light,  
To steer thy Christian Course aright;

Make

Make thee a Tree, of blessed Root,  
That ever bends with godly Fruit.

PART the Second.

VI.

Those Children are to God most dear,  
That learn the Lesson of his Fear.

Thus Infants are by JESUS CHRIST  
Most kindly blest, embrac'd and kiss'd.

VII.

Are not the Joys of God above,  
Giv'n to the Children of his Love?  
Who'd see above his holy Face,  
Must here become a Child of Grace.

VIII.

Be thou like CHRIST, that blessed Child,  
Most pious, innocent and mild;  
Who soon did ev'ry Grace display;  
And, tho' a God, he learnt t'obey.

IX.

God glorify his Child in thee;  
His Spirit guide thy Infancy.  
To follow and to learn of CHRIST,  
Of all Attainments is the high'st.

X.

From what he suffer'd, did, and said,  
Thou hast more Profit than he had;  
'Twas thine entailed Misery  
Made him become a Child like thee.

XI. If



## XI.

If thou conform'st thy Mind to His,  
 Thou art entitled to that Bliss,  
 Which this incarnate God regain'd  
 For All whom ADAM's Sin had stain'd.

## XII.

Sleep now, my Dear, and take thy Rest;  
 And if with riper Years thou'rt blest,  
 Encrease in Wisdom Day and Night,  
 Till thou attain'st th' eternal Light.



Of Death and Resurrection.

*Ach lieben Christen seydt getrost.*

## I.

**Y**E Christians, pluck your Courage up;  
 Shake off your Soul's Oppression!  
 If you'd avoid the gen'ral Cup  
 Of God's own Visitation.

Let us confess his Judgments just,  
 And ADAM's Sons but transient Dust;  
 From Death none is exempted.

## II.

Lord, we resign into thy Hands  
 Our Body, Soul and Spirit:  
 We come and go at thy Commands;  
 Death is our real Merit.

Whilst dwelling in this sinful Clay,  
 Pain will attend us ev'ry Way;  
 But Joy we hope hereafter.

III. No

III.

No Corn can yield the proper Fruit,  
Except 'tis sown and bury'd;  
Our Flesh must moulder to the Root,  
Before it can be carry'd  
To that unutterable Bliss,  
Where CHRIST, our blest Redeemer, is  
Prepar'd to meet his Lovers.

IV.

Why shou'd we dread the Thoughts of Death  
In daily Conversation,  
Being convinc'd, by ev'ry Breath,  
Of our inconstant Station?  
Had we the good old SIMEON's Sense,  
We'd joy with him to go from hence  
In th' Arms of our Redeemer.

V.

Our Breath infirm on God depends;  
From him's our Preservation;  
'Tis he that Guardian-Angels sends  
To further our Salvation:  
And, as a Hen protects her Brood  
From Birds of Prey, that seek their Blood,  
So doth the Lord his Children.

VI.

'Wake or asleep, in Life or Death,  
We are in God's Possession:  
Baptiz'd in CHRIST, we're brought by Faith,  
T'approach God's Habitation:  
What we have lost in ADAM's Fall,

CHRIST



CHRIST has recover'd for us all;  
Prais'd be the Lord of Mercy.

---

*Hertzlich lieb hab' ich dich, O Herr !* L

## I.

**T**HEE, Lord, I love with sacred Awe:  
Thy gracious Presence ne'er withdraw  
From me thy feeble Creature;  
Th' whole World is tasteless to my Soul;  
I find no Rest within the Pole,  
But in thy loving Nature;  
Nay, if the Strings of Life were broke,  
Thou art my never-failing Rock,  
My Joy, my Comfort, and my All,  
Whose Blood redeem'd me from the Fall.  
Lord Jesus Christ, Thy saving Name  
Preserve me from eternal Shame.

## II.

'Tis thy free Gift, what's counted mine;  
My Body, Soul and Mind is thine,  
With all this Life's Enjoyment.  
Lord, grant me such a grateful Sense,  
To make the Praise of Providence  
My chief and best Employment.  
Preserve me from Delusion free:  
Destroy old Satan's Tyranny;  
In all Afflictions bear me up  
With Christian Courage, Faith and Hope:  
Great Saviour Christ, my Sov'reign Lord,  
In th' Hour of Death thy Help afford.

III. Lord,

III.

Lord, let thy blest Angelick Bands  
 Convey my Soul into thy Hands,  
 When now my Heart is breaking.  
 The Body in its Tomb refine  
 From all th' inherent Dross of Sin,  
 Till Thou command'st its waking;  
 Then raise me to that glorious Place,  
 Where I may see Thee Face to Face,  
 To sing with all thy Saints above  
 The Wonders of Redeeming Love.  
 O Christ, my Lord, I'll here adore,  
 And praise Thee there for evermore.

---

*Herr Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht.*

To the Tune: O Lord, how many Miseries.

I.

**L**ORD Jesu, Fountain of my Life,  
 Sole Comfort in this Stage of Strife,  
 I'm trav'ling by this worldly Inn,  
 Tir'd with the Load of Self and Sin.

II.

The Journey's hard; the Path is streight;  
 Which leads to blessed Sion's Gate;  
 The Land I come from, and had lost,  
 But am regaining at thy Cost.

III.

My Heart oft trembles by the Way.  
 The Flesh is frail, and runs astray:

**The**



174      *Of Death and Resurrection.*

The longing Spirit cries in me,  
Lord, haste and bring me home to Thee.

IV.

Support me by thy bitter Death,  
When I'm to yield my dying Breath;  
Thy Blood refresh my Soul within;  
Thy Bonds break all the Chains of Sin.

V.

The Blows and Stripes that fell on thee  
Heal up the Wounds of Sin in me.  
Thy great Reproach, thy shameful Crown  
Rejoice my Heart before thy Throne.

VI.

Thy Thirst and nauseous Draught of Gall  
Refresh my Soul in ev'ry Thrall;  
Thine Agony, thy dying Breath,  
Redeem me from eternal Death.

VII.

Thy Wounds be to my Soul, while here,  
A Refuge sure, in ev'ry Fear;  
In them I'll seek a sheltring Place,  
When Satan hath my Soul in Chace.

VIII.

Unto my Heart, when Speech I want,  
The Utt'rance of thy Spirit grant:  
And grant my Soul to Heav'n may rise,  
When Death in Darkness seals my Eyes.

IX.

Thy dying Breathings be my Light,  
When Death brings on its fable Night:

Grant

Grant me a calm and decent End ;  
And save me when my Head I bend.

X.

Thy Cross shall be my Staff in Life ;  
Thy Grave, my Place of Rest from Strife :  
Thy Napkin and thy winding Sheet  
Shall bind my Head, Breast, Hands and

XI.

(Feet.

The Prints thy sacred Limbs receiv'd  
Assure my Heart, that I am sav'd.  
Through th'Op'ning of thy Side convey  
My Soul to thine eternal Day.

XII.

Thy farewell-Words I'll make my own :  
Thy Death did for my Sins atone.  
Ope' wide the Gates of Heav'nly Grace,  
When I conclude my Christian Race.

XIII.

When I revive, at thy Command,  
O place me Lord at thy right Hand,  
Beyond the Fate which dooms thy Foes  
To languish in eternal Woes.

XIV.

Then Lord, thine Image quite renew  
Within my Soul and Body too ;  
And make it radiant as thy own,  
More radiant than the brightest Sun.

XV.

O, what amazing Love and Joy  
Shall mine and Angels' Tongue employ !  
How



How shall we sing, with all thy Race,  
The blest Enjoyment of thy Face.

---

*Christus der ist mein Leben.*

I.

**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> is my Light and Treasure;  
In Death he is my Life;  
Through him I leave with Pleasure  
This World of Sin and Strife.

II.

With Joy my Soul is ready  
To meet my Brother *Christ* :  
Our Union shall be steady,  
Our Love rais'd to the high'st.

III.

World, Sin and their Temptation  
Are conquer'd by his Blood ;  
His Death seal'd my Salvation  
With my forgiving God.

IV.

When all my Pow'rs are fainting,  
And Speech is from me fled,  
Accept, O Lord, my Panting,  
Accept my Sighs in Stead.

V.

With humble Resignation  
On *Christ* I lean my Head :  
At th' Hour of Expiration  
His Cross shall be my Bed.

VI.

Then Lord with the united,

Display

Display to me thy Blifs ;  
And let my Soul be plighted  
To endless Love and Peace.

---

*Ich hab mein Sach Gott beim gestellt. L*

I.

**M**Y Life I now to God resign :  
At his Decree I'll not repine.  
Will he prolong my mournful Days,  
His promis'd Grace  
Suffices me to run my Race.

II.

I die at his appointed Hour.  
Who dares resist his sov'reign Pow'r ?  
My very Hairs he knows 'em all,  
Both great and small,  
Without his Will not one can fall.

III.

What is our Life ? A constant Scene  
Of Sighs and Tears of Care and Pain :  
Moments of Sin, and Months of Woe,  
Here ebb and flow,  
Till we are summon'd hence to go.

IV.

What is a Man ? a Clod of Earth,  
A needy Mortal from his Birth ;  
Brought Nothing with him when he came,  
But Sin and Shame ;  
And naked leaves this worldly Frame.

V. No



## V.

No Greatness, Wit, nor golden Store :  
Can here obtain a better Score :

'Gainst Death no Physick can prevail :  
No Fee nor Bail  
Can cancel *Adam's* sad Entail.

## VI.

To Day we live, look fair and red ;  
To Morrow faint, are sick or dead :  
To Day we blossom like a Rose :  
Anon who knows

But Death presents the Farewell-Dose.

## VII.

Lord make us number thus our Days,  
T' apply our Hearts to Wisdom's Ways,  
And learn how swift our Moments fly,  
That all must die, (High.  
Poor, Rich, Young, Old, the Low, and

## VIII.

This is the Fruit of ADAM's Fall,  
Death like a Conqu'ror seizeth all ;  
Sin gives him Pow'r o'er human Race ;  
There is no Place  
Exempt from his continual Chace.

## IX.

Evil and few, as JACOB says,  
Alas, I count my Pilgrim-Days.  
When God shall call his Servant home,  
I'll meet my Tomb,  
In Hopes of lasting Joys to come.

X. And

X.

And tho' I feel the Guilt of Sin  
Assaulting me without, within,  
I know, God gave his only Son,  
Who can atone  
For what I all my Life have done.

XI.

'Tis he my Lord and Saviour CHRIST,  
Who for my Sins was sacrific'd,  
And rose triumphant from the Grave,  
That he might save  
My Soul from being Satan's Slave.

XII.

To him I give my Life and Breath :  
His Love shall guide my Soul through Death,  
And bring me to that blessed Place,  
Where Face to Face  
I shall behold the God of Grace.

XIII.

This gives me Comfort and Relief  
In all my greatest Pain and Grief,  
That I shall rise when CHRIST appears,  
Without the Tears  
I shed in my distressed Years.

XIV.

To Thee, Lord CHRIST, I humbly press,  
To cloath me with thy Righteousness :  
Within thy Wounds I crave a Place,  
O Source of Grace !  
For there's my only Happiness.

XV. Amen !



## XV.

Amen! Thou Sov'reign God of Love,  
Grant us thy Bliss when we remove,  
That All redeemed by thy Blood  
May find in God  
Their everlasting sure Abode.



*N<sup>o</sup> 448. Of the LAST JUDGMENT.*

*H. M. P. Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit.*

To the Tune: *Raise your Devotion.*

## I.

*A.* **T**HIS sure, that awful Time will come,  
When CHRIST, the Lord of Glory,  
Shall from his Throne give Men their Doom,  
And change what's Transitory.  
Who then will venture to retire,  
When all's to be consum'd by Fire,  
As PPETER has declared?

## II.

The waking Trumpets All shall hear  
Throughout the whole Creation;  
And all the Dead shall then appear,  
Plac'd in their proper Station;  
But all the Living at that Time  
Shall, in a Manner more sublime,  
Endure a Transmutation.

## III.

The great Account shall then be read  
Of all Men's Lives and Actions;

And

And Young and Old the Sentence dread  
Of their Misdeeds and Factions ;  
Here is no Shelter for Escape,  
But All shall see the very Shape  
Thy Soul has here contracted.

IV.

Woe then to him, that has despis'd  
God's Word and Revelation,  
And here done Nothing but devis'd  
His Lust's Gratification :  
Then how confounded will he stand,  
When he must go at CHRIST's Command  
With Satan to Hell-Torment.

V.

Grant, JESU, then my Name be found  
Within thy Book unblotted,  
When all with Awe shall stand around  
To hear their Doom allotted ;  
Of which I doubt not in the least,  
For thou as Saviour and High-Priest,  
Hast purchas'd my Salvation.

VI.

I know as Judge thou shalt appear,  
As well as Intercessor ;  
Yet hope in humble Faith and Fear,  
Thoul't call me thy Confessor,  
And bring me to that blessed Place,  
Where I shall see with open Face,  
The Glory of thy Kingdom.

VII. O



VII.

O Jesu ! shorten thy Delay,  
And hasten thy Salvation,  
That we may see that glorious Day  
Produce a new Creation.  
O come, O Lord, our Judge and King !  
Come, change our mournful Notes to sing  
Thy Praise for ever, Amen.



✓ *Of HELL and Eternal TORMENT.*

*O Ewigkeit ! du Donner Wort.*

I.

**E**TERNITY ! tremendous Word,  
Home-striking Point, Heart-piercing  
Beginning without Ending ! (Sword,  
Eternity without a Shore,  
Where ever fiery Billows roar,  
What is thy Sight portending ?  
One Glimpse of thine unfathom'd Deep  
Wou'd rouse a Wretch from sinful Sleep.

II.

What Pain was ever thought so great,  
That must not with the Time abate,  
And lose its utmost Rigour ?  
Eternity does never cease,  
Admits no Manner of Release,  
But keeps its constant Vigour :  
Cr, as our Saviour's Words express,  
Eternity has no Redress.

III. Eternity

III.

Eternity ! how long, how long,  
Thou seizest Senses, Heart and Tongue  
With pannick Fear and Terror !  
When I revolve thy dreadful Chains  
In that Abyſs of endless Pains,  
I'm overwhelm'd with Horror.  
What's in this Life of Miſery  
So frightful as Eternity ?

IV.

Shou'd Hell endure as many Years,  
As many Men this World of Tears  
Has ſeen from the Creation ;  
As many Stars adorn the Sky,  
As many leaves the Woods ſupply,  
You'd hope for its Ceſſation.  
This Sum of Ages would but be  
One Moment to Eternity.

V.

But having ſpent in endless Fears  
So many Thouſand Thouſand Years,  
Thy Scene is ſtill beginning ;  
When thou haſt ſuffer'd all theſe Times  
The juſt Reward of wilful Crimes,  
Thy Thread ne'er ceases ſpinning.  
Th' eternal Now who can unfold ?  
'Tis ever new, but never old.

VI.

O Lord, how is thy Sentence juſt  
In leaving Man, that Rebel-Duſt,

To



184      *Of Hell and eternal Torment.*

To his deserv'd Damnation !  
Short wilful Sins committed here  
With long Remorse are punish'd there.

O Woe beyond Relation !  
Weigh this, thou harden'd Heart and Face  
Thy Time is short, Death comes apace.

VII.

Hast thou yet Sense ? avoid the Snare ;  
Thy Pleasures fleeting Moments are,  
That dye as fast as tasted ;  
These, at the Hazard of thy Soul,  
Dost thou pursue without Controul,  
And see'st thy Minutes wasted ?  
Thou senseless Wretch, thou matchless Fool,  
Thou laugh'st and art the Devil's Tool.

VIII.

As long as God eternal reigns,  
And his Almighty Sway retains,  
Hell Torment will be lasting ;  
They shall be plagu'd with Cold and Heat,  
Thirst, Hunger ; Fire shall be their Meat,  
Their Worm is never wasting ;  
And this unequall'd Misery  
Won't end till God shall cease to be.

IX.

Awake and rise from sinful Sleep :  
Bethink thy self, thou straying Sheep :  
Return by true Repentance :  
Arise thy wicked Ways amend ;  
The Glass of Life runs to its End ;

Then

Then shiver at thy Sentence;  
Perhaps within few Minutes Breath  
Thou'rt snatch'd away by sudden Death.

X.

Let neither worldly Gain nor Lust,  
Ambition, Pride, nor golden Dust  
Longer enslave thy Passions;  
Look how the carnal Lethargy  
O'er-spreads the great Majority,  
Who sport with all Temptations;  
Above all Things keep in thy Sight  
The 'forenam'd long eternal Night.

XI.

Most Reprobate of all Mankind,  
Bereft of Sense, hard-hearted, blind,  
Why dost thou love the Creature?  
Shall that eternal Gulph of Hell,  
Where Millions of Tormentors dwell,  
Ne'er shock thy sinful Nature?  
Can then no Tongue, no Eloquence  
Persuade thee to a better Sense?

XII.

Eternity! tremendous Word,  
Home-striking Point, heart-piercing Sword,  
Beginning without Ending!  
Eternity without a Shore!  
Where ever fiery Billows roar,  
What is thy Sight portending?  
Lord JESU, when it pleases Thee,  
Bring me to blest Eternity.





Of HEAVEN, *and the* Heavenly  
JERUSALEM.

*O Ewigkeit! du Freuden Wort.*

To the foregoing Tune.

I.

**E**ternity, delightful Sound!  
Where real Joys are to be found,  
And Scenes of endless Glory!  
O Life! where Pleasures ever roll,  
Thy Foretaste entertains my Soul  
With Bliss not transitory.  
Come All, who long for Heav'n on Earth,  
You'll find it in the Second Birth.

II.

The Glories of this present World  
By Time and Tide are toss'd and hurl'd  
Down to their full Destructions.  
Look up, my Soul, th' eternal Hills,  
Where Pleasures glide on Chrystal Rills  
With ever new Productions;  
For, as the blest Apostles say,  
That Bliss admits of no Decay.

III.

Eternity! thy endless Length  
Inspires my Soul with Christian Strength  
To bear these short Afflictions.  
Consid'ring thine eternal Bliss,

I might

I flight this World's Calamities  
And constant Contradictions ;  
Whilst there I fix my longing Soul,  
Where blissful Years for ever roll.

IV.

If you wou'd ballance all the Pain  
And Torments of the Martyrs slain,  
E'en from the Fall of ADAM,  
With that surpassing glorious Prize  
Reserv'd for Saints in Paradise,  
Past mortal Sense to fathom,  
They wou'd be found too light and frail  
To move, much less to turn the Scale.

V.

Reflect upon the dreadful Coasts  
Of Hell, and all the frightful Ghosts  
Tormenting one another !  
Where num'rous Crouds of Sinners lye :  
Tortur'd with keen Despair, they try  
Their Consciences to smother.  
O ! what surprizing Grace is this,  
Which frees us from that dark Abyss !

VI.

In Heav'n our happy Eyes and Ears  
Shall still enjoy, for endless Years,  
Transcending Scenes of Pleasure ;  
There all the Saints in God rejoice ;  
They love and sing with Heart and Voice  
The Praise of God, their Treasure :

M

There



There CHRIST reveals a greater Store  
Of Bliss, than they conceiv'd before.

## VII.

How do I long and faint to see  
The Courts of blest Eternity  
In all their glorious Beauty !  
I'd part with all the Joys of Sense,  
Take Wings of Faith, and fly from hence  
To the Reward of Duty.  
If Thought alone gives such Delight,  
What must th' Enjoyment of thy Sight !

## VIII.

Away with all the Dreams of Time :  
Away what Worldlings call sublime :  
Away with sinful Pleasure :  
Away with all the golden Dust :  
What Thieves may steal, or Time can rust ;  
I long for greater Treasure :  
Nothing created can suffice  
A Soul, made for eternal Joys,

## IX.

Eternity ! delightful Sound !  
Where real Joys are to be found  
And Scenes of endless Glory !  
O Life, where Pleasures ever roll !  
Thy Foretaste entertains my Soul  
With Bliss not transitory.  
O Jesu, fix this Sense in me,  
Till thou reveal'st Eternity.

F I N I S.

A  
SUPPLEMENT  
TO  
German Psalmody:  
Done into *English*.

TOGETHER

With their proper Tunes, and Thorough  
Bass, for promoting sacred Harmony in  
private Families.

---

PSALM cxlvi.

As long as I have any Being, I will sing Praises unto  
my GOD.

---

NEW-YORK:

Printed and Sold by H. GAINÉ, at the  
*Bible & Crown*, in *Queen-Street*, 1756.

7



ST. POLYMER

German Polymer

Polymers of the German

Polymers of the German

Polymers of the German

Polymers of the German

Polymers of the German

Polymers of the German

Polymers of the German

Polymers of the German

Polymers of the German

Polymers of the German



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Plainness and Simplicity of the following Translation, the Lovers of Divine Harmony are desired to receive with Candour, since it hath nothing in View but the Glory of our most gracious Lord, the only Restorer of our fallen Nature; who, though above all Praise, yet has encouraged us by his Word to hope, that He will be pleas'd to accept our poor Performances, provided they be offered up with a sincere and filial Heart.

AND here I cannot forbear expressing my Joy, in observing that within some few Years past, Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, are become so frequent and familiar, that many Thousands of Families all over Great-Britain are now more delighted with them, than I believe was ever known since the Gospel of Jesus Christ was preached in these Parts; and blessed be God, the Love of this sweet Employment increases daily amongst us.

SOME eminent and pious Divines, \* in their Comments on the Revelation, have judiciously observed, " that whenever the Lord of our  
" Salvation opened a New Scene of his King-  
" dom,

---

\* Dr Waple, and Dr Moore.



“ dom, Musick and Singing were the constant  
 “ Forerunners and Attendants of it.” They  
 who piously observe the Signs of these our Times,  
 will confess, that the Kingdom, we pray for  
 every Day, is come nigh us of a Truth; witness  
 the many Souls who have been awakened, con-  
 vinced, and brought to the great Shepherd and  
 Bishop of our Souls, Jesus Christ the Righteous,  
 so that we may say with Truth: To the Poor  
 the Gospel is preached.

GLORY be to God in the Highest, on Earth  
 Peace, good Will towards Men. Hallelujah,  
 Amen, Hallelujah.



A SUP-

( 189 )

A

S U P P L E M E N T  
O F  
G E R M A N P S A L M O D Y.

---

*Of the Incarnation of CHRIST.*

*Gott-sey Danck in aller Welt.*

*To the Tune, Now the Saviour comes indeed.*

I.

**A**LL the World exalt the Lord,  
Who for ever keeps his Word,  
And reveals the Sinner's Bliss,  
In his Son the Prince of Peace.

II.

What the Fathers wish'd of old,  
And the Prophets have foretold,  
All what they did prophecy,  
Is fulfill'd most gloriously.

III.

Sion's Help, and *Abraham's* Shield,  
*Jacob's* Bliss, the Virgin's Child,  
The two stemm'd *Immanuel's* come  
From his Virgin-Mother's Womb.

IV. Be



IV.

Be Thou welcome Saviour Christ,  
Thee Hosanna's in the high'st !  
Come, and take thy blest Abode  
In my Heart, thou loving God.

V.

King of Glory, enter in ;  
Cleanse it from the Filth of Sin :  
Take it, for 'tis all thy own,  
And make Thy Salvation known.

VI.

Grant thy Comforts to my Mind,  
Since I'm naked, poor and blind :  
Lest old Satan's subtil Boast  
Should rejoice to see me lost.

VII.

Crush that hellish Serpent's Head ;  
Save me from my greatest Dread ;  
That through Faith I may with Thee  
Be united savingly.

VIII.

Thus when Thou in Majesty  
Shalt return triumphantly,  
I with Joy may 'rise and stand  
Justify'd at thy Right Hand.

HEINR. FELD.

*Of the Incarnation of CHRIST.*

*Herr Christ der einige Gotter Sohn.* 

I.

**L**ORD Christ th' eternal Fathers's  
Only begotten Son !  
Whose pow'rful Wisdom gathers  
All Things beneath his Throne :  
Blest Morning Star, whose Splendour  
Exceeds all Stars in Grandeur  
And Brightness, far and near.

II.

Born Man for our Salvation  
In this World's latter Tide,  
Without Contamination  
On his chaste Mother's Side.  
He broke Death's Chains and Prison,  
Unbarr'd Heav'n's Gate when 'risen,  
Brought us to Life again.

III.

Encrease thy Love and Knowledge  
In us from Day to Day,  
That Faith and Christian Courage  
May guide us in thy Way ;  
And tasting th' inmost Savour  
Of thy sweet Love and Favour,  
Thirst ever after Thee.

IV.

Thou Lord of th' whole Creation,  
Th' Almighty Father's Pow'r ;

Who



Who reign'st without Cessation  
Heav'n, Earth and Hell all o'er !  
Turn us to Thee our Saviour,  
That henceforth our Behaviour  
May never swerve from Thee.

V.

Lord, mortify th' old Nature ;  
Renew us by thy Grace ;  
Restore the fallen Creature  
T' a Likeness of thy Face ;  
That all this Life's Enjoyment  
Be made our chief Employment  
Of ever praising Thee.

E. C.

---

*On New-Year's-Day.*

*Nun last une gebn und treten.*

*To the Tune, Awake, my Soul, and tender.*

I.

**N**OW let each humble Creature  
Adore the God of Nature,  
For his kind Preservation  
And daily new Creation.

II.

We stretch our Life and wander  
From Year to Year, and yonder  
We live, keep on improving,  
Till Date and Year's removing.

III. Thro'

III.

Thro' Pains, thro' Wants and Errors,  
Thro' dismal Wars and Terrors,  
Thro' Crosses, Strifes and Hurry,  
That seem the World to worry.

IV.

As in tempestuous Weathers  
The kind and careful Mothers,  
With Nature's swift Affection  
Run to their Babes Protection.

V.

No less our Heav'nly Lover  
Is present with his Cover,  
When stormy Winds are blowing,  
To save his Childrens going.

VI.

Great Guardian of our Being,  
In vain is our foreseeing,  
With all our best Care-taking,  
Except thine Eyes be waking.

VII.

Blest be thy gracious Favour,  
Each Morn renews its Savour;  
Blest be the Hands asswaging  
All Heart-akes, ne'er so raging.

VIII.

Hear, Father, our Petition,  
Relieve our weak Condition;  
Be still the Source of Gladness  
In all our Grief and Sadness.

IX. Grant



IX.

Grant all thy true Sojourners  
And heavy laden Mourners,  
That own thy Visitations,  
An Heart endu'd with Patience.

X.

Remove our sad Disorders,  
And make in all our Borders  
Thy Peace and Truth together  
To meet and kiss each other.

XI.

Lord grant thy Benedictions  
To all good Thoughts and Actions,  
To Youth, and Age declining,  
Thy gracious Sun be shining.

XII.

Be Thou the Orphan's Father ;  
The Straying draw together ;  
Relieve the Poor and Scanty,  
To all in Want give Plenty.

XIII.

Heal all the Sick and Wounded ;  
The Souls that are surrounded  
With fearful Thoughts and Terrors,  
Lord, rescue from their Errors.

XIV.

But chiefly grant thy Spirit,  
Thro' Christ's all-saving Merit,  
To fill us with such Graces  
As lead to thine Embraces.

XV. All

( 195 )

XV.

All this, we pray, be giving,  
O Life of all that's Living!  
To us and all that favour  
Thy New-Year's Gift and Favour.

P. GERHARD.

---

*Of the Names of JESUS.*

*Mein Hertzens Jesu! meine Lust.*

*To the Tune,* Another Step is made with God.

I.

**J**ESU! my Heart's most joyful Rest;  
My Soul's Delight and Treasure!  
Which leaning on thy loving Breast  
Receives extatick Pleasure.  
My Lips attempt a Praise for Thee,  
Though thine unfathom'd Love to me  
Exceeds all Thought and Measure.

II.

My Heart's wrapt up in Extasy  
Whene'er it feels thy Presence;  
It sings, it shouts, it leaps for Joy,  
And tunes its chearful Cadence;  
As oft it kisses Thee by Faith,  
Draws Life, and Grace, and all it hath,  
From thy most loving Essence.

III.

Thou art my sweet and wondrous Light,  
By which my Soul and Spirit

Discern



Discern with open Face thy Sight  
Of thine all-saving Merit :  
O take my Heart, and fill the same  
With all the Splendor of thy Name ;  
O Lord do not defer it.

IV.

Thou art my sure and heav'nly Way,  
All's plain thro' Thee before me :  
Who knows Thee, doth not run astray,  
But treads the Path to Glory.  
Great Saviour, let me ne'er expect  
To find yet Heav'n thro' sad Mistake  
In Things but transitory.

V.

Thou art the Truth, and Thee alone  
I've firmly chose to guide me ;  
Thy Word I can depend upon,  
All's false and Shew beside Thee.  
Lord, set my Heart at Liberty,  
That keeping close and true to Thee,  
Thy Grace may safely hide me.

VI.

Thou art my Life whose Influence  
Shall be my Soul's Direction ;  
Thy Spirit guiding ev'ry Sense  
Shall rule my Thought and Action ;  
That fill'd with Spirit, Life and Grace,  
I may run strait my Christian Race,  
And suffer no Defection.

VII. Thou

## VII.

Thou art my sweet and heav'nly Bread,  
 Thy Father's choicest Present ;  
 On which I live, when Hunger's Dread  
 Requires Supports incessant :  
 Thou Manna! strengthening Life and Blood,  
 Grant me t'avoid such tempting Food  
 As carnal Tastes think pleasant.

## VIII.

Thou art my Cordial, and thy Fruit  
 Is of Celestial Flavour :  
 Who tastes Thee once, is in Pursuit  
 T' enjoy thy constant Savour :  
 O living Source, for which I pant  
 Thy Sweetness pour in full Extent  
 Into my Soul for ever.

## IX.

Thou art my Ornament of Grace,  
 My Wedding Robe and Garment,  
 Deck'd with white Silk of Righteousness  
 My Soul to high Preferment.  
 Grant me to count that glitt'ring Pomp  
 Th' whole World runs after in the Lump,  
 As Dung, of no Concernment.

## X.

Thou art my Rock, and safe Retreat,  
 Where I may dwell securely ;  
 From whence no hellish Crew can beat,  
 No scorching Heat can touch me :  
 Incarnate Saviour, grant Thou me

To



To be for ever found in Thee,  
Thy Love can best insure me.

## XI.

Thou art the Shepherd of my Soul,  
And my sweet Food and Pasture,  
Thou brought'st me back, when I did stroll  
With great transporting Gesture :  
Now take thy Sheep within thy Care,  
That it by Force nor flatt'ring Snare  
Stray from thy Flock hereafter.

## XII.

My Soul's kind Bridegroom ! that's the Name  
By which I shall embrace Thee :  
My Sov'reign High-Priest, and the Lamb,  
Whose Dying doth solace me :  
My King who doth my Heart possess,  
And puts my Foes to great distress,  
When they presume to face me.

## XIII.

Thou art my choicest Friend, whose Love  
Affords true Satisfaction ;  
My Brother, who doth faithful prove,  
True Mother in Dejection :  
Physician of my deepest Sores,  
My Balsam and my careful Nurse,  
That keeps me from Distraction.

## XIV.

Thou art my Leader in the Fight,  
And Captain of Salvation ;

My Courage in the greatest Fright,  
My Ship in Navigation :  
Mine Anchor in a dreadful Storm,  
My Pilot in Shipwreck's Alarm,  
Who never miss'd his Station.

XV.

Thou art my leading Star and Guide,  
When Darkness will confound me ;  
My Stock in Wants on every Side,  
My Height when Depth will drown me :  
My sweet Desert in Bitterness,  
My safe Retreat and shelt'ring Place,  
When sudden Show'rs surround me.

XVI.

Thou art mine *Eden*, where I spend  
My silent Hours with Pleasure ;  
My sweetest Flow'r, which I attend,  
And humbly smell at Leisure ;  
My lovely Rose in crossing Vale,  
Where Thorns and Briars still assail  
My tiresome Steps sans Measure.

XVII.

Thou art my Comfort when I'm sad,  
In Joy my Song's Oblation,  
By Day my Task, which makes me glad,  
At Night my Meditation :  
In Sleep my sweetest Dream and Rest,  
My softest Quilt that warms my Breast,  
And Skreen of my Salvation.

XVIII. What



## XVIII.

What shall I further boast of Thee  
 My God, my Lord, my Lover ?  
 For thou art more than All to me,  
 What Words can ne'er discover.  
 Lord ! let thy constant Love increase,  
 Till Soul and Spirit are at Ease,  
 And Time and Sighs are over.

P. LANGE.



Of the Name of JESUS.

*Jesus ! Jesus ! nichts als Jesus.*

To the Tune, Lord, thine Image Thou hast  
 lent me.

I.

**J**ESUS, Jesus, nought but Jesus  
 Shall my Wish and Zeal be still,  
 Now my Longing never ceases  
 To conform to Jesus' Will :

For my Heart with him quite fill'd,  
 Cries, O Lord, but what Thou wilt.

H.

**E**VEN to Thee my Love I tender,  
 To thy Praise I live and move ;  
 All I have to Thee I render,

For thou gav'st me all in Love.  
 In thy Blood which Thou hast spilt,  
 I'm secure, do what Thou wilt.

III. Should

## III.

**S**HOULD what's prosperous in Appear-  
 Yet be contrary to Thee ; [ance,  
 Quickly change the false Adherence,  
 Jesu grant what's good for me.  
 Be Thou mine, thy Kingdom build,  
 I'll be Thine, do what thou wilt.

## IV.

**U**NDO *mine,* and do *thy* Pleasure,  
 In and through me, God my all !  
 Let me love Thee without Measure,  
 When I mourn, joy, rise or fall :  
 If thine Image is rebuilt,  
 I'm content do what Thou wilt.

## V.

**S**ACRED Lord thy Name be praised,  
 That Thou gav'st Thyself for me,  
 And hast by thy Spirit raised  
 New Desires to cry to Thee :  
 Do with me, my Rock and Shield !  
 What Thou wilt ; yea, what Thou wilt.

On the Passion of CHRIST..

*Ein Lamtein geht und traght die Schuld.*

## I.

**A** Lamb goes forth, and bears the Guilt  
 Of ADAM's Generations :  
 With Patience yields his Blood be spilt,  
 For



For all Mankind's Transgressions ;  
 Appears in our Infirmary,  
 Hangs panting on the cursed Tree,  
 Depriv'd of Consolation,  
 Bears all the Scorn Hell could invent,  
 Submits to Death, most innocent,  
 With willing Resignation.

## II.

This Lamb is Christ, the greatest Friend,  
 And Saviour of our Spirits,  
 Whom God the Father chose to send,  
 To save us by his Merits :  
 My Son ! says He, go down and bail  
 The Children which are doom'd to Hell  
 Without thine Intercession :  
 The Sentence is without Reprieve,  
 Thou canst and shalt be their Relief,  
 By thy own Blood's Oblation.

## III.

Yea, Father, said th' obedient Son,  
 Command and I will suffer,  
 My Will at thy Decree shall run,  
 To execute thine offer :  
 O Love what Pow'r dost thou comprise !  
 Thou canst, what Man could ne'er devise,  
 Force God the Lord of Wonder  
 To part with his beloved Son,  
 To suffer for a World undone,  
 Whose Awe splits Rocks asunder.

## IV. Thou

## IV.

Thou nail'ft Him to the Crofs with Shame  
 O'erload'ft his Soul with Sorrow ;  
 Dost sacrifice him like a Lamb,  
 And melt'ft his Heart and Marrow :  
 The Heart in Groans sighs out its Pow'r,  
 The Veins pour out the purple Gore,  
 To the last Drops Descention :  
 O sweetest Lamb ! my humble Clay  
 Shall love and sing its Life away,  
 In Praise of thy Redemption.

## V.

All my life long I'll cling to Thee  
 With all my Mind and Senses,  
 Thee I'll embrace, as thou dost me  
 Without the least Suspences :  
 Thou art my Soul's best Life and Light,  
 Nay, when my Heart is breaking quite,  
 Thine shall be my Receiver :  
 I will subscribe myself to Thee  
 As thy peculiar Property,  
 To be thy own forever,

## VI.

By Night and Day my Heart shall sing,  
 Of thy transporting Sweetness,  
 My Body, Soul and Mind shall bring  
 An Off'ring to thy Meekness :  
 My Spring of Life shall overflow  
 With grateful Purlings from below,



T' increase thy Name's sweet Savour ;  
 And what thy Love vouchsafes to me,  
 Shall in my Mind and Memory  
 Be deep imprest forever.

## VII.

Enlarge thyself, O Heart of Mine,  
 Thou shalt store up a Treasure  
 Exceeding th' equinoctial Line,  
 Nay, Heav'n and Earth in Measure :  
 Away with all th' *Arabian* Gold,  
 And all that is of precious Mould,  
 I've found what is far better ;  
 The holy Treasure which I mean,  
 Is Christ ! thy Blood which ran so clean  
 From thy own Wounds : what's greater?

## VIII.

This Blood I shall improve from hence,  
 In all my Time and Station :  
 In Fight it shall be my Defence,  
 In Tears my Exultation :  
 In Joy my well-tun'd Instrument,  
 And when my Relish quite is spent,  
 This Manna shall support me :  
 In Drought this Spring shall be my Taste,  
 Its Converse, when alone, shall last  
 At Home, or on a Journey.

## IX.

What Harm can I from Death sustain,  
 Thy Blood's my Life unfading ;  
 In melting Heat and scorching Pain,

It will afford sweet Shading :  
 When gloomy Thoughts surround my Breast,  
 This Blood of Thine gives Ease and Rest,  
 On which I lean and conquer :  
 Let swelling Surges raise th' Alarm,  
 And toss my Ship about in Storm,  
 Then Thou art still mine Anchor.

## X.

At last when I with Joy shall see  
 Thy glorious Kingdom clearing,  
 This Blood shall then my Purple be,  
 Which I desire t'appear in :  
 My Head shall wear it as a Crown,  
 In which I'll come before the Throne,  
 Of thine eternal Father :  
 And stand on thine exalted Side  
 As Thy best dress'd and chosen Bride,  
 To live and reign together.

P. GERHARD.

*Passion Hymn.**O Welt ! sieh hier dein Leben.*

## I.

**H**ERE World see thy Redeemer,  
 Hangs like a curs'd Blasphemer,  
 And pants his Life away !  
 The Sov'reign Prince of Glory,  
 Bears like a Lamb before thee,  
 All th' Hellish Spite of sinful Clay.

## II. Come



II.

Come near ! view well his Bruises,  
With the open Grimsen Sluices,  
His Body swims in Blood !  
His Heart, his Bones and Marrow  
Do melt in Grief and Sorrow,  
As one forsaken of his God.

III.

My Life ! who is the Author  
Of this unheard of Slaughter ?  
Who nail'd Thee to the Cross ?  
For Thou art not a Sinner,  
For like our Fall's Beginner,  
Whose Offsprings are but hellish Dross.

IV.

Lord ! I and my Transgressions,  
Have rais'd those cursed Legions  
'Gainst Thee the Prince of Peace !  
These rous'd th' infernal Lion,  
To kill the King of Sion,  
And crucified the Lord of Bliss.

V.

Alas ! my sinful Members,  
Should fell the hottest Chambers  
Of Hell's most fiery Goal :  
Thy Stripes and cruel Treatment,  
Without the least Abatement,  
Had all deserv'd my guilty Soul.

VI.

Thou tak'st my Sins upon Thee,  
Whose Weight had quite undone me,

Ha

Hadst Thou not interpos'd :  
 Thy Cords, thy Fangs and Scourges,  
 Laid on by barbarous Butchers,  
 Prove my Release at thy dear Cost.

## VII.

Thou art my Bail and Surety,  
 Layst down thy Life, tho' purely  
 For me and my vast Debt :  
 Thou'rt crown'd in base Derision  
 With Thorns, which make th' Incision  
 Into thy pure and sacred Head.

## VIII.

Into Death's Jaws Thou'rt leaping  
 To save me from its gaping,  
 For my most endless Woe :  
 My Death by thine is hurried,  
 Into thy Grave and buried ;  
 None but my God could love me so.

## IX.

How vast an Obligation  
 Is due to thine Oblation,  
 From me and all Mankind :  
 My Body, Soul and Spirit,  
 To th' Honour of thy Merit,  
 Shall now and ever be resign'd.

## X.

Though all the best Donation,  
 Within my needy Station,  
 Falls short of thy Desert :  
 Yet all thy sacred Passion,

N

Shall



Shall be my Meditation,  
Till the last Motion of my Heart.

XI.

Within my View I'll place it,  
Joy constant shall express it,  
Where'er I live or move :  
Thy bitter Gall and Potion,  
Shall fix my best Devotion  
On thy most pure and perfect Love.

XII.

How much our great Transgressions  
Provoke the God of Patience,  
When holy Justice frowns :  
What dreadful Bolts of Vengeance,  
Are Sins most sure Attendance,  
I'll learn from thy Blood, Sweat, and Wounds.

XIII.

Thy Scars and Prints so bloody  
I'll make my deepest Study,  
And learn of Thee, my Lamb :  
To bear the worst Affliction,  
And wilful Contradiction,  
Of such as slight Thy glorious Name.

XIV.

When wicked Tongues are stinging,  
Their spiteful Venom flinging  
Upon my poor Converse,  
My Mind shall fly to Jesus,  
Forgive the worst Disgraces,  
Contriv'd by Satan's Messengers.

XV. My

XV.

My darling Lust and Passion  
I'll watch without Cessation,  
And nail it to thy Cross:  
What contradicts my Master,  
I shall oppose the faster,  
The more his Love supplies my Loss.

XVI.

Thy Tears, thy Groans, thine Anguish,  
Thy Pain, which made Thee languish  
Thy sacred Life away,  
At last shall shew thy Merit,  
And raise my Soul and Spirit,  
To sing for ever Hallelujah.

P. GERHARD.

---

*On the Passion of* CHRIST.

*Meine Seel ermuntre dich.*

*To the Tune,* Dearest Jesu, we are here.

I.

**R**OUSE thyself, my Soul, and dwell  
On the Love of thy Redeemer,  
Who has rescued Thee from Hell,  
And the Chains of the Blasphemer.  
Think on his profound Oblation,  
And rejoice in thy Salvation.

II.

Lo! th' eternal Son of God  
Feels for thee what thou shouldst suffer;

N 2

His



His whole Body swims in Blood,  
Bears the Scorn of every Scoffer :  
He for Thee was bruise'd and wounded,  
Greater Love was no where grounded.

III.

Thou deserv'dst the hottest Place  
'Midst the lowest Hell of Devils,  
Ne'er to see the God of Grace,  
For thy many wilful Revels :  
But the Captain of Salvation  
Pluck'd thee from deserv'd Damnation.

IV.

By his Suff'rings He has quell'd,  
God's eternal Wrath and Vengeance,  
All the Law He has fulfill'd,  
Cancell'd its most dreadful Sentence :  
Conquer'd Death, Sin, Hell and Devil,  
And secur'd thy Life from Evil.

V.

Now my Soul ! what hadst thou best  
To return thy God and Saviour ?  
His vast Suff'rings are no Jest,  
His great Love no Sham-Behaviour :  
Think on thy deep Obligation,  
T'wards the Author of Salvation.

VI.

Never can the best of Deeds,  
Make the least Return in Nature,  
His great Merit far exceeds  
All th' Efforts of every Creature :

Shameful

Shameful are my Love's Pretences,  
And more heinous mine Offences.

VII.

What's committed shall from hence,  
Never be from me repeated,  
Now I solemnly commence

T' have my Life new consecrated :  
Christ, thy Love shall be the Measure  
Of my Honour, Gain and Pleasure.

VIII.

Sins, ye Satan's Brood, get hence,  
You sha'n't live within my Borders,  
You'd deprive me of my Sense,  
And my Saviour's saving Orders :  
Without whom there's no 'Solation,  
No Remission, no Salvation.

IX.

Thou my Saviour shalt alone,  
Be my Sovereign Lord and Leader,  
I subscribe myself Thy own,  
Thou shalt be my Food and Feeder :  
All my Life shall speak thy Praises,  
Till I learn Angelick Phrases.

X.

Thee, my Lord ! I'll have in View,  
In my Thoughts, my Words, and Actions ;  
Every Mercy shall renew  
All my Vows without Distractions :  
What Thou lov'st, I will be loving,  
What Thou hat'st, I'll be removing.

XI. What



## XI.

What Thou wilt, shall be my Will,  
 My Life's Mirror thine Example ;  
 When Thou scourgest, I'll be still,  
 Do but make my Heart thy Temple :  
 Where the Earnest of thy Spirit,  
 Seals the Blessing of thy Merit.

## XII.

Jesu ! now I firmly stand  
 To this solemn Resolution,  
 Strait to follow thy Command,  
 'Gainst the tempting World's Intrusion :  
 Thy sure Presence shall solace me,  
 I will never cease t' embrace Thee.

## XIII.

Dost Thou, Lord, vouchsafe us here  
 Such Foretastes of Heav'nly Pleasure,  
 When by Faith we dare draw near  
 Jesu ! to thy living Treasure ?  
 Do we taste so much in Weakness,  
 What will shew thy future Greatness ?

## XIV.

What extatick Scenes of Life,  
 What triumphing Joy of Glory ?  
 What Transportings after Strife,  
 When that's past, what's transitory ?  
 Lord ! I shall for ever praise Thee,  
 When immortal Thou shalt raise me.

## XV.

Every Moment I rejoice  
 At this promis'd Expectation,

Prais-

Praising Thee with Heart and Voice  
Jesu! for thy free Donation:  
Lord! increase my Faith's Dependance,  
On thy Grace and its Attendance.

Dr. BREITHAUPt.

---

Obedience to CHRIST unto Death.

*Ge crentzigter! mein Hertze sucht.*

I.

CHRIST crucify'd! my Soul by Faith  
Desires to be with Thee united:  
For with thy bitter Cross and Death  
My Heart is more and more delighted:  
I long and I sigh: I will only with Thee  
Be crucify'd, JESU! with all that's in me.

II.

O that my Heart might fix and twine  
About thy bloody Cross and Passion;  
That I could make thy Merit mine,  
And gain thy Father's Approbation:  
Thus longing I sigh, and will only with Thee  
Be crucify'd, JESU! with all that's in me.

III.

O that I to the Law of Sin  
Might quite be dead in Thee my Saviour,  
That its most heavy Yoke within  
Might not affect my whole Behaviour,  
Thus longing I sigh, and will only with Thee  
Be crucify'd, JESU! with all that's in me.

IV. O



## IV.

O that I as a dying Man  
Might leave the World with its Temptation,  
And count what's pleasing to its Clan,  
As mere dead Trash to my Salvation :  
Thus longing I sigh, and will only with Thee  
Be crucify'd, JESU ! with all that's in me.

## V.

O that th' old *Adam* might be nail'd  
Fast to thy Cross with his Pollutions,  
That I might be no more assail'd  
By his most raging Lusts and Motions :  
Thus longing I sigh, and will only with Thee  
Be crucify'd, JESU ! with all that's in me.

## VI.

Thus let me of thy Cross and Death  
Become a genuine Partaker,  
And grant that every selfish Breath,  
Law, World and Flesh, grow daily weaker:  
Lord ! hear Thou my sighing, and let me with  
(Thee  
Be crucify'd, JESU ! with all that's in me.

C. ZINFENDORFF.

## Passion Hymn.

*Die Seele Christi heilige mich.**To the Tune,* Before thy Throne I now appear.

## I.

THY Soul, my Jesu ! hallow mine,  
Thy Spirit with my own combine,  
Thy

Thy sacred Body slain for me,  
From Sin set Soul and Body free.

II.

The Water spouting from thy Side,  
The Soldier's Spear had open'd wide,  
Shall be my Bath, and all thy Blood  
Shall cleanse and bring me near to God.

III.

Thy Blood-Sweet trickling from thy Face,  
Prevent my coming in Disgrace:  
Thy holy Passion, Death and Tomb,  
Secure me from the Wrath to come.

IV.

Lord Jesu! grant Thou my Request,  
And hide me safe within thy Breast,  
Make me within thy Wounds to dwell,  
Secure from all the Fiends of Hell.

V.

Call me in my last Agony,  
And take me, O my God! to Thee;  
That I with all thy Saints above,  
May never cease to praise thy Love.

J. ANGELUS.

---

Whitsunday Hymn.

*Zeuch ein Zu deinen Thoren.*

I.

**R**ETAKE thy own Possession,  
Thou glorious Guest of Hearts;  
Who



Who after my Creation  
 Renew'dst my inward Parts :  
 O blessed Holy Ghost,  
 Proceeding from the Father  
 And with the Son together,  
 Art God the Lord of Host.

## II.

Come, Lord, and make me relish  
 Thy gracious Influence,  
 That Grace, which all that's hellish  
 And sinful drives from hence :  
 Thy Mind restore in me,  
 That I with Soul and Spirit  
 May pay to thy great Merit,  
 The Praise I owe to Thee.

## III.

I was a wither'd Scyon,  
 Thou hast transplanted me ;  
 From Death, that grimmeſt Lion,  
 Thy Grace has ſet me free :  
 By grafting me in Chriſt,  
 Whilſt into his Oblation,  
 Which purchas'd my Salvation,  
 By Thee I was baptiz'd.

## IV.

Thou art that Oil moſt holy,  
 Wherewith anointed is  
 My Spirit, Soul and Body,  
 In Chriſt the Lord of Blifs :  
 For his own Property,

As King, and Priest, and Prophet,  
Whom God by his Beloved  
Screens from his Sanctuary.

V.

Thou art the Guide, that teaches  
The Soul, whene'er she prays ;  
Thy Pray'r soars up and reaches  
The sacred Throne of Grace :  
Thy Pleadings never fail  
To move divine Compassion,  
Till th' humble Soul's Oblation  
Is heard and answer'd well.

VI.

Thou art a chearful Spirit,  
Which doth indulge no Grief,  
Thy Comforts ne'er miscarried,  
But brought sad Souls Relief :  
How often hast Thou given  
In smiling Condescension,  
Beyond my Comprehension  
Extatic Tastes of Heav'n.

VII.

Thou art th' eternal Center  
Of Love and Unity,  
Where foul Contentions enter,  
In vain we look for Thee :  
Thou God of Truth and Peace !  
O may thy Truth delight us,  
And thy sweet Peace unite us,  
And all our Discords cease.

VIII. The



## VIII.

The Earth and whole Creation  
 Owns thy supporting Hand ;  
 What Heart, what Pow'r, what Passion,  
 Shrinks not at thy Command ?  
 Thy Sov'reign Pow'r extend,  
 And let thy Truth and Graces,  
 Thy Peace o'er Christian Places,  
 In plenteous Show'rs descend.

## IX.

Arise and stop the Torrent  
 Of growing Misery,  
 Restore the Gospel-Current  
 To spread with Liberty :  
 Let flourish as before  
 The Lands that feel Sins lashes,  
 The Churches laid in Ashes,  
 By Flames of bloody War.

## X.

Be Thou our King's Defender,  
 Confirm his Royal Throne ;  
 Make all his Subjects render  
 To him and God his own :  
 Old Age with Wisdom bless,  
 The Youth with true Devotion,  
 Th' whole Realm with Godlike Notion  
 Of real Happiness.

## XI.

The Minds of all the Nation  
 Endue with Faith and Love,

And

And pour on every Station  
Thy Blessings from Above :  
Confound the Sceptic Clan  
Who with *Agrippa's* Fashion,  
'Gainst Christ's Propitiation,  
Delude unwary Men.

XII.

Direct our Conversation  
According to thy Mind,  
And when this mortal Station  
At last shall be resign'd,  
Then grant, thou God of Love,  
That our whole Life's Profession,  
May end in the Possession  
Of lasting Bliss above.

P. GERHARD.

---

On the Philonthropy of CHRIST.

*O Jesu Christ mein sehonstes Licht.*

I.

**O** Christ, my sweetest Life and Light,  
Whose loving Condescension,  
Embraces me by Day and Night  
Beyond my Comprehension :  
Lord, grant me to return thy Love  
With due and true Devotion,  
That my Notion  
Of Mercy may improve  
In every Thought and Motion.

II. Let



## II.

Let nothing dwell within my Heart  
 But thy sweet Love and Favour ;  
 Thy Love engage my Soul to part  
 With every sinful Savour.  
 Remove my Mind from great and small,  
 Which breeds the least Division  
 And Collifion  
 'Twixt me and God my All,  
 Who' fav'd me from Perdition.

## III.

How sweet, how glorious and how kind  
 Is thy great love and Merit ?  
 Were this but fix'd within my Mind,  
 What could disturb my Spirit ?  
 Then let no Thought arise in me,  
 No Object move my Senses,  
 No Pretences  
 Obstruct my Love to Thee,  
 Then Heav'n on Earth commences.

## IV.

O that this great and sov'reign Good,  
 Were once in my Possession !  
 O that it would enflame my Blood  
 To glow with holy Passion !  
 Grant, I be watching Day and Night  
 'To keep this Heav'nly Treasure  
 From the Seizure  
 Of Satan's secret spite,  
 Who seeks our Woe with Pleasure.

V. Thou

## V.

Thou cam'st in Love to my Relief,  
 Bor'st Sins due Pain and Torment,  
 Hang'st on the Crofs just as a Thief  
 Or Murd'rer without Garment :  
 Scorn'd, spit upon and sore distrest,  
 O let thy Suff'ring enter  
 To the Center

Of this my stubborn Breast,  
 To melt and make it tender.

## VI.

Thy purple Gore, Thou shedst for me,  
 Is precious, pure and holy,  
 But this my Heart that swerves from Thee,  
 Is Flint-like hard'ned Folly :  
 Lord ! make the Virtue of thy Blood  
 Sink deep into the Nature  
 Of thy Creature  
 And spread this saving Flood  
 Through every Vein and Feature.

## VII.

O that my Heart with Eagerness  
 Would open wide and gather  
 Each Drop of Blood, my Sins did press  
 From Thee, my Mediator !  
 O were mine Eyes a Well of Tears  
 To gush with inward Anguish  
 Forth and languish  
 Like those, whose loving Fears  
 At last their Object vanquish.

VIII. O that



## VIII.

O that I with a Babe's Desire  
 Came running, weeping, stretching,  
 As long, till Love's intrinſick Fire  
 My longing Soul were catching !  
 Oh ! would thy Heart unite with mine  
 In loving Condeſcenſion,  
 And th'Extension  
 Of all thy Pow'rs divine,  
 Admit of no Declenſion.

## IX.

Oh draw me, Deareſt ! after Thee  
 And I ſhall run with Pleaſure,  
 I'll run with all the Fervency  
 T'embrace Thee, Lord, my Treasure !  
 And taſte the Sweetneſs of that Love,  
 Whoſe bleſt Communication  
 Brings Salvation,  
 Doth Sin and Grief remove,  
 With Eaſe on all Occaſion.

## X.

My Comfort, Jewel, Life and Light,  
 My Sov'reign Good and Portion !  
 Make me Partaker of thy Sight,  
 I'm thine with all Devotion,  
 Without thy Love, there's nought but Gall,  
 I find no Satisfaction,  
 But Diſtraction  
 Surrounding every Wall,  
 And cauſing ſad Reflection.

XI. But

## XI.

But Lord ! thy Love is perfect Rest,  
 The Source of all true Pleasure :  
 O Jesu ! grant my Soul be blest,  
 T' enjoy Thee without Measure :  
 Be Thou my Flame and burn in me,  
 My Balsam, be thou healing  
 All that's ailing,  
 And all Depravity,  
 I'm still with Grief bewailing.

## XII.

Thy Love, my Saviour ! all supplies,  
 Whate'er my Soul is wanting ;  
 'Tis the true Light unto mine Eyes,  
 My Cordial when I'm fainting :  
 My sweetest Wine and heav'nly Food,  
 My richest Robe and Garment,  
 My Preferment.  
 Defence of Life and Blood,  
 My Lodge and safe Apartment.

## XIII.

My dearest Dear, if Thou Remove  
 What is my Birth and Being ?  
 Shoud'st Thou withdraw thy precious Love,  
 My best of Goods were fleeing :  
 Grant, I may strive to entertain  
 Thee, my sweet Guest, with Gladness,  
 That no Sadness  
 Disturb thy Love again,  
 Which cures my sinful Madness.

XIV. Thy



## XIV.

Thy Love has always been the same,  
 E'en from my first Beginning,  
 Before I knew thy glorious Name,  
 Could do nought else but sinning :  
 Oh ! let thy Love, Almighty Lord !  
 Continue to attend me,  
 And defend me  
 From Fiends of any Sort,  
 That would destroy and rend me.

## XV.

Lord ! grant thy Love an Influence,  
 On this my present Station,  
 But if by Frailty I should chance  
 To swerve from my Salvation :  
 Be thou my Guide and Counsellor,  
 In all my Thoughts and Actions,  
 Give Corrections,  
 When Sin's deluding Pow'r,  
 Would drive me to Distractions.

## XVI.

Thy Love uphold me when distressed,  
 Add Strength when I am fainting ;  
 And when this mortal Period's past,  
 My Heart for Thee be panting :  
 Then let thy loving Faithfulness  
 Support my Aspiration,  
 Breathe Salvation

With

With Joy through Death to press,  
And taste Love's full Possession.

PAUL GERHARD,

*Note, This HYMN Paul Gerhard took  
from the Prayer of J. ARDNT's Garden of  
Paradise, of the Love of JESUS.*

---

Of True and false CHRISTIANITY.

*Er lencht mich Her mein Licht.*

I.

**E**NLIGHTEN me my Light,  
I'm grooping still in Darknes ;  
And know myself not right :

This I perceive, alas !

Tho' I'm not what I was,  
Yet what I ought to be,  
I find not yet in me.

II.

I liv'd before secure,  
And free from inward Trouble  
But now feel how impure  
My mis-pent Life has been,  
O Sinfulness of Sin !  
What brought before Delight,  
Now's dismal in my Sight.

III.

No temporal Loss nor Want,  
Creates this deep Affliction ;

For



For I'm not ignorant  
 Of many loving Friends,  
 No Foe nor Spite offends,  
 I've Health of Body still,  
 And moderate Food at Will.

## IV.

No, 'tis a Pain of Mind,  
 That thus o'erwhelms my Spirit,  
 Doth Bone and Marrow grind ;  
 The great concern I have  
 Is, that I tofs and wave,  
 Not sure if I be Thine  
 O Jesu ! and Thou mine.

## V.

It is not now all one,  
 So call'd and be a Christian,  
 No, no, 'tis he alone  
 Deserves that glorious Name,  
 Whose self-denying Aim,  
 Kills his beloved Sin,  
 And lives to Christ within.

## VI.

Christ lives in him alone,  
 Who seeks himself in nothing,  
 Doth all his Lust disown  
 With every worldly View,  
 Pomp, Honour, gainful Crew ;  
 Renouncing all and says,  
 But Jesus chears my Days.

VII. True

## VII.

True Faith makes this his Word,  
 With inward Thirst and Hunger :  
 Jesu ! my God and Lord,  
 My Surety, and my Shield,  
 Oh ! lead me as Thou wilt,  
 I'm thine, and thine I'll be,  
 To all Eternity.

## VIII.

Whose Heart's here not sincere,  
 His Faith is mere Pretention,  
 And has in God no Share,  
 Builds all his Hope on Sand,  
 And can at last not stand ;  
 The surest Ground of Faith,  
 Stick's close to Jesus Path.

## IX.

Here lies my Want I fear,  
 My Love to Thee my Saviour,  
 Has n't been at all sincere,  
 Whilst I'm with all my Zeal,  
 An almost Christian still ;  
 Prefer'd the Charms of Toys,  
 Before thy lasting Joys.

## X.

My Heart, now arm thy Breast  
 With holy Resolution ;  
 Or thou canst find no Rest :  
 Bidst thou forthwith adieu,  
 To every selfish View ;

And



And cling'st to Christ alone,  
Then is thy Bliss begun.

XI.

Shouldst thou poor Worm eschew,  
The King of Glory's Summons;  
To whom the whole World is due,  
The Holy, Wise, and Just,  
The true Believers Trust,  
And whose almighty Sway,  
All Living must obey.

XII.

When all Things fall away,  
That Heav'n and Earth's containing,  
He knows of no decay;  
Remains the living Rock  
Of Bliss, that nought can shock,  
And whom he once approves,  
He ever protects and loves.

XIII.

But who neglects the Hour  
Of his kind Invitation,  
Is there shut out of Door  
Of God's own Dwelling Place,  
Never to see his Face,  
Should his disponding Fears  
Produce a Sea of Tears.

XIV.

Doth God claim thy Consent,  
Submit thine Affirmation,  
And say with Heart's Content,

I totally

I totally resign  
My Life with all that's mine,  
To Thee by Day and Night,  
My God, my Soul's Delight.

XV.

Do what thou wilt with me  
Lord ! make me but a Vessel  
Of Grace, that lives to Thee,  
And th' Honour of thy Name,  
Thou uncreated Lamb,  
Endow me with thy Love,  
Then, Lord ! I have enough.

HOGSENIUS.

---

*Herr Jesu Christ du hochstes Gut.*

I.

**L**ORD Saviour Christ, my Sovreign Good,  
And Source of all true Graces !  
Behold, how Sins most dreadful Load,  
My guilty Soul oppresses :  
Thine Arrows stick within my Heart,  
And Conscience multiplies the Smart,  
In the worst of Sinners.

II.

In Mercy look on my Distress,  
Remove that sore Oppression,  
For Thou hast suffer'd in my Place,  
And paid for my Transgression ;  
That I may not with endless Fear,

Sink



Sink down in Darkness and Despair,  
To everlasting Torment.

## III.

When I review my mis-spent Days,  
With all their sad Transactions,  
The Shame of thy rejected Grace,  
Turns to my Soul's Distraction ;  
The Dread, I'm seiz'd with every where  
Would end in nothing but Despair,  
Did not thy Word relieve me.

## IV.

But here thy Gospel Truth steps in,  
With its reviving Treasure,  
And shews the Off'ring for my Sin,  
Which I embrace with Pleasure ;  
For thou my God wilt ne'er disdain,  
A broken Heart that turns again,  
In Faith to Thee my Jesu.

## V.

Lord ! pity my distressed Soul,  
Consider my Complaining,  
And make my broken Spirit whole,  
Which nothing has remaining ;  
But longs within the Blood of Thine,  
To be wash'd clean from every Crime,  
Like *David* and *Manasse*.

## VI.

Thus humbled, to the Throne of Grace,  
I fly to sue for Mercy,  
Reject not from thy loving Face,

A Worm

A Worm that loves and fears Thee :  
And cries, Cast all my Trespases,  
Into the Ocean of thy Grace,  
That they ne'er rise against me.

VII.

For thy great Name Sake, Lord my God !  
I cry once more ; forgive me,  
And ease me of that heavy Load,  
That still doth press and grieve me ;  
That with thy Peace my Heart be blest,  
And live from hence to Thee my Rest,  
In Duty and Obedience.

VIII.

Thy joyful Spirit strengthen me,  
Thy Wounds heal my Diseases,  
Thy Blood in my last Agony,  
Apply in that great Crisis ;  
And take me to thy promis'd Rest,  
Where I may sing with all the Blest,  
Thine everlasting Praises.

---

Of Prayer.

*Dier Dier Jehovah will ich singen.*

I.

**T**O Thee, Jehovah, I'll be singing,  
For where is such a glorious God like  
Thee ?

To Thee my Hymns I will be bringing,  
Do Thou but grant thy Spirit's Aid to me ;

O

That



That I may sing in my Redeemer's Name,  
And thou mayst condescend to hear the same.

## II.

O Father, draw me to my Saviour,  
That thy dear Son may draw me unto thee,  
Thy Spirit guide my whole Behaviour,  
And rule both Sense and Reason thus in me:  
That Lord thy Peace, I taste, may ne'er depart  
But make sweet Melody within my Heart.

## III.

Vouchsafe me, Lord ! this heav'nly Favour,  
Then shall my singing please thy gracious  
And all my Lays breathe forth thy Savor (Ear  
My Pray'r in I ruth and Spirit thou wilt  
hear,

Then shall thy Spirit raise my Heart above,  
To sing sweet Psalms in high Degrees of Love.

## IV.

'Tis He that makes strong Intercessions  
With Sighs unutterably soft and mild,  
Instructs my secret Aspirations, (Child,  
Bears witness with my Heart that I'm thy  
And Coheir with my blest Redeemer Christ,  
To call Thee Abba, Father in the High'st.

## V.

When thus my filial Heart's ascending  
Through thy most sacred Spirit unto thee,  
Then thy paternal Heart is bending  
It's fervent Love and Favour so to me.

Tha

That thou ne'er can'st refuse my humble Suit  
I make to Thee in Spirit and in Truth.

## VI.

The Pray'r, that's of thy Spirit's teaching,  
Is surely kindled by his holy Flame,  
And must infallibly be reaching (Name;  
Thy Throne, for 'tis in thy Son's blessed  
In whom I am thy Child, and Heir of Heav'n,  
Receiving Grace for Grace which thou hast  
giv'n.

## VII.

That I've these witnessing Solaces, (ness;  
Fills me with Comfort and with Chearful-  
And know, that all good Gifts and Graces,  
For which at any Time I thee address,  
Thou grant'st and still dost more abundantly  
Than I can think, desire, or beg of Thee.

## VIII.

O blifs ! I crave in Jesus' Name then,  
Who intercedes at thy right Hand for me,  
In Him is all that Yea and Amen,  
Whate'er in Faith and Spirit's ask'd of thee;  
Bless'd be Thou, Lord, for thy transcending  
Grace,

That thou vouchsafest to me thy Blessedness.

CRASSELIOUS.



*Of a Christian Life and Conversation.*

*Herr Jesu Guaden Sonne.*

*To the Tune, Lord Christ th' eternal Father's.*

I.

**L**ORD JESU ! Sun of Graces,  
Original Life and Light !  
Chear up our dimfight Faces,  
With thy most heav'nly Sight ;  
Revive our sinking Spirits,  
Renew us by thy Merits,  
And chase our sinful Night.

II.

Forgive our fore Transgressions,  
And cast them in the Sea  
Of thy divine Compassions,  
That we may live to Thee :  
Thy Peace past our Conception,  
Compleat our Soul's Perfection :  
Lord, hear us graciously !

III.

Th' old *Adam's* Inclination  
From all our Heart's remove ;  
Our humble Dedication  
Thy constant Grace improve :  
That henceforth all our Actions  
Be led by the Directions  
Of thy redeeming Love.

IV. Promot

IV.

Promote thy saving Knowledge  
In us, Almighty Lord !  
And make us in thy College  
Apt Scholars of thy Word :  
That following thine Example,  
Our Heart be made thy Temple  
In spite of Hell's Effort.

V.

Thy bloody Wounds relieve us  
In our emergent Thirst,  
And kill our Lusts that grieve us,  
Whene'er they rise at first ;  
Let all our sinful Passions  
Be crucify'd Oblations,  
And ever abhorr'd as curst.

VI.

Inflame our Heart and Center  
With thy seraphick Love,  
That nothing there may enter,  
But what thy Smiles approve ;  
And living without ceasing,  
O Lord ! to thy well-pleasing,  
Ne'er from thy Path remove.

VII.

Endow our Faith with Vigour,  
Our Minds with Cheartfulness,  
For all our best Endeavour  
Is but the Work of Grace ;  
But formal Deeds of Senses,

Alas !



Alas ! are meer Offences,  
Before thy holy Face.

VIII.

O Lord, of all Compassion,  
Eternal Truth and Love,  
Destroy our Soul's Contagion,  
Renew us from above ;  
Raise in our Hearts, dear Jesu !  
A constant Zeal to please Thee,  
Till we from Time remove.

JOACH LANGE.

---

Of Christian SIMPLICITY.

*Jesu ! lehre mich recht thatlich.*

I.

**J**ESU ! teach me most exactly,  
What is true Simplicity,  
Which is Childlike pure and Godly,  
Void of all Hypocrisy ;  
For by thine unspotted and most holy living  
Thou hast an unparallel'd Patron been  
giving ; (Heart  
Imprint this most deely upon my own  
Till I be as simple and pure as Thou art

II.

When to my best Information  
In thy Word I read and hear,  
What in order to Salvation  
I should do, believe, and bear :

The

Then keep me, my Saviour, from being  
deluded,

Whate'er may be sily and falsely intruded  
By blind human Reason and my perverse  
Will, (still.

Through which Satan ruins so many Souls

III.

Rather hear my Supplication

Blessed Jesu! Great and Good!

And vouchsafe the Confirmation,

Through thy precious Cross and Blood;  
That with a most childlike and simple Be-  
haviour (Saviour,

Thy Spirit endow me to please Thee my  
And thy holy Father by Thee reconcil'd  
May make me thy Coheir and own me his

IV.

(Child.

That I simply, firm and surely

May believe thy faithful Word,

And most simply, and most purely

Do, what thou my Sovereign Lord

Most graciously orderest without an Ex-  
ception,

And simply submit to thy saving Direction;

That is as thy Child be for ever induc'd

To cry, Abba, Father, in Spirit and Truth.

V.

That my Thoughts, my Words, and Actions

Be without Hypocrisy,

All my Senses and Affections.

Breathe



Breathe but mere Simplicity ; (ing,  
 Simplicity guide both my Living and Lov-  
 Simplicity season my happy removing,  
 And that my best Epitaph be thus com-  
 pil'd,

Here lies a sincere, and a most simple

VI.

(Child.

Jesu ! now I will embrace Thee,  
 Thou my dearest Prince of Peace !  
 Never shall I cease to trace Thee,  
 Till thy Love has granted this ;  
 And then shall my Heart be in full Exaltation,  
 To praise thy great Name without any Cef-  
 sation, (Consent,  
 O most joyful Echo, the Lord gives  
 To Thee be the Glory, to me Heart's  
 Content. P. MISKY.

### Spiritual DISTRESS.

*Jesu gib mir deine Fülle.*

I.

**J**ESU grant Thou me thy Fullness,  
 Seest thou not my sad Lot,  
 How I loath my wretched Dullness,  
 Wilt thou not redeem my Spirit  
 By thy Merit ?

II.

Thou art Light, I live in Darknes ;  
 Thou art pure, I'm impure ;

Thou

( 239 )

Thou art Strength, I faint with Weakness:  
Save me Lord in thy Compassion  
From Transgression.

III.

Didst not Thou, my Soul's Physician,  
Feel the Force of my Sores,  
To retrieve my sad Condition,  
Should my Life with Death surrounded  
Be confounded ?

IV.

No thy Love can't lose its Nature,  
Should thy Grace hide its Face  
From one Poor distressed Creature ?  
It admits in its Extension  
No Declension.

V.

As a Fire is Heat-dispersing,  
So forsooth, is this Truth.  
That who's with thy Light conversing,  
Must derive from its bright Grandeur  
Light and Splendor.

VI.

But how long is thy Delaying,  
Ere Thou heal'st and reveal'st  
What thy faithful Word is saying ?  
Come ere Death my Life is snatching,  
Whilst I'm Watching.

*Answer.*

Thou must wait my Time of Graces,  
Love me still bear my Will,

Till



Till thou'rt ripe for mine Embraces ;  
Sure at last I will deliver  
Thee for ever.

F. RICHTER.

---

*Ach was soll ich Sunder machen.*

*To the Tune, Father thine eternal Kindness.*

I.

**W**HAT to do in my Condition,  
Or what Course now must I take,  
Since my Conscience is awake,  
And reveals Sin's foul Ambition ?  
This sole Confidence I have,  
JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

II.

True ! my uncontroul'd Transgression  
Has run counter to thy Will,  
Yet I'm sure Thou lov'st me still,  
By thy gracious Intercession :  
Let my Sins oppress and grieve,  
JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

III.

Tho' the Yoke of sad Temptation,  
Which true Christians daily feel,  
Follows me upon the Heel,  
This shall cause no Separation  
'Twixt my Saviour and my Grief,  
JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

IV. True,

## IV.

True, my Life is but a Bubble,  
 And a Vapour in the Air,  
 Death attends us every where ;  
 All this gives me no great Trouble,  
 Tho' I'm going to the Grave,  
 JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

## V.

Die I soon, I'm soon removed  
 From this World's Impertinence,  
 Rest in Hopes of better Sense,  
 And assur'd that my Beloved,  
 My Salvation did retrieve,  
 JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

## VI.

Thou my Life and Resurrection,  
 Wilt in thine appointed Time  
 Raise me to a Life sublime,  
 And thy Grace is my Protection,  
 When rebellious Souls shall grieve ;  
 JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

## VII.

Ever shalt Thou be my Jesus :  
 Thou canst change this Life of Pain  
 To perpetual Joy and Gain,  
 Seal my Soul with all thy Graces,  
 Thou canst give and I receive,  
 JESU ! Thee I'll never leave.

Longing



Longing after GOD and CHRIST.

*Gott lob ! Ein Gericht Zur Ewigzeit.*

I.

**A**NOTHER Step is made with God  
Tow'rds mine eternal Station,  
To thee through all this Pilgrim Road  
I've made my Heart's Oblation ;  
O Source ! from whom my Life depends,  
And every heav'nly Grace descends  
Into my longing Bosom.

II.

I'm counting Minutes, Days and Years,  
Which seem too slowly moving,  
Till that long wish'd for Time appears,  
T' embrace thee, Lord, so loving :  
Till all what mortal is in me  
Be wholly swallowed up in thee,  
And I become immortal.

III.

'Tis from thy flaming Love I find,  
My Soul is thus delighted,  
That all the Pow'rs of Heart and Mind  
Are so with thee united ;  
That thou in me, and I in thee,  
And yet I cannot cease to be,  
For ever drawing nearer.

IV.

O that thyself would'st haste to come :  
I'm watching every Motion,                      Ere

Ere Death surprize me with my Tomb,  
And end this dull Devotion :  
Come in thy glorious Majesty,  
Look, how thy Servant waits for thee,  
Whose Loins are ready girded.

V.

And since the Oil of Gladness is  
Pour'd in my Soul and Spirit,  
And I rejoice in present Bliss  
With what I shall inherit :  
The Light of Life shines forth in me,  
And keeps my Lamp thus trimm'd for thee,  
To welcome my Beloved.

VI.

Thy longing Spouse is crying Come,  
Come, says the Pilgrim Lover ;  
She calls, and still repeats her Tone,  
Come, Jesu ! Love's Improver !  
Then, haste my Lord, and Spouse divine,  
Thou surely know'st that I am thine,  
Most sacredly united.

VII.

Though to thy Wisdom be resign'd  
The proper Time and Measure,  
Yet thou art always well inclin'd  
To hear me call with Pleasure :  
And see me thus improve thy Grace,  
With Chearfulness to run my Race,  
To meet thee my Redeemer.

VIII. I am



## VIII.

I am content that nought of all  
 Can breed a Separation  
 'Twixt me and Thee, when I can call  
 My Bridegroom and Salvation;  
 And that thou, dearest Prince of Life!  
 Wilt make me thine espoused Wife,  
 And Coheir of thy Kingdom.

## IX.

Lord! I adore thy lasting Grace  
 For this new Date and Station,  
 That thou hast brought me thro' these Days  
 And nearer to Salvation:  
 Thus stepping forward by Degrees,  
 Still reaching at that blessed Place  
*Jerusalem* above me.

## X.

And should my Hands be tir'd at Length,  
 My feeble Knees grow sinking,  
 Then Lord afford new Grace and Strength,  
 To keep my Faith from shrinking,  
 That through thy pow'rful Aid, O God!  
 My Feet may run the heav'nly Road  
 Without an Intermission.

## XI.

My Soul! march boldly on in Faith,  
 Be not dismay'd nor frightened,  
 Nor Trifles turn thee from thy Path,  
 With what the World's delighted:  
 But should thy Race too slowly move,

Then

Then stretch the Wings of fervent Love,  
And soar aloft like Eagles.

## XII.

Jesu! my Soul has taken Flight  
From Earth to Heav'n already ;  
Thou hast, O Source of Love and Light!  
Exhausted Soul and Body :  
Farewel ye fleeting Hours of Time,  
Mine Element is more sublime,  
Since I'm in Jesu living.

A. H. FRANKS.

## The best CHOICE..

*Ach sagt mir nichts von Gold und Ghatren.*

*To the Tune,* He that confides in his Creator.

## I.

**T**ELL me no more of golden Treasures,  
Of Pomp and Beauty here below ;  
There's nought can give me solid Pleasures,  
Of what the World can make a Shew :  
Let every one his Love proclaim,  
The Love to Jesus is my Aim.

## II.

He is alone the Source of Gladness,  
My Gold my Treasure and my Love,  
On whom I fix mine Eyes in Sadness,  
His Sight can all Heart-ake Remove :  
Let all Mankind their Love pursue,  
The Love of Christ I have in view.

III. How



## III.

How transient's all the **Worldly Pleasure?**  
 Created Beauty cannot last :  
 Old *Time* diminishes at Leisure,  
 What human Hands in Form have cast :  
 Let others love whate'er they please,  
 My love to Christ shall never cease.

## IV.

He is my Life I can rely on,  
 The Truth itself, th' eternal Word,  
 He is the Vine, I am his Scion,  
 He is my Soul's firm Rock and Fort ;  
 All Men may love whate'er they will,  
 Jesus I love with fervent Zeal.

## V.

He is the King of endless Glory,  
 The Lord of all celestial Host,  
 To lasting Joys he can restore me,  
 Remove what still afflicts me most :  
 The World may love their short Delight,  
 My Love to Christ is infinite.

## VI.

No Power can shake his heav'nly Palace,  
 His Kingdom don't with Time decay,  
 His Throne's beyond the reach of Malice,  
 His Scepter bears th' eternal Sway :  
 Let others hunt for meaner Loves,  
 The Love to Christ my Soul approves.

## VII.

His Riches are beyond Conception,  
 His Stores admit of no Decay,      His

His Sov'reign Goodness past Expression  
 Doth He not every where display ?  
 Mankind may love what they admire,  
 My Love to Christ shall never tire.

## VIII.

He will exalt my present Station  
 O'er all, and make it like his own ;  
 He will enrich his poor Relation  
 With solid Treasures yet unknown :  
 What Fav'rites others may espy,  
 In Jesu's Love I'll live and die.

## IX.

Though Want on every Side attends me,  
 As long I sojourn from my Home,  
 Yet those supports he timely sends me,  
 Bespeak more glorious Things to come:  
 Thus let me love in Silence still,  
 My Jesus and his holy Will,

J. ANGELUS.

## Love to CHRIST.

*Meine Seele wile du ruhn.*

## I.

O My Soul, desir'st thou Rest,  
 And to be forever blest !  
 Wilt thou keep thy roving Passions  
 From the Torment of Vexations ?  
 Love but Christ and him alone,  
 Then thy Business will be done.

II. None



II.

None yet did his Choice disprove,  
Who resign'd to Christ his Love ;  
None was ever yet forsaken,  
Who with Jufus' Love was taken ;  
For who loves but him alone,  
His Salvation is begun.

III.

Loving Christ the sov'reign Good  
Fills the Soul with solid Food :  
For his Love is always giving  
Lasting Joy and heav'nly Living,  
Levels all this fleeting Time  
With Eternity sublime.

IV.

Thus, my Soul ! wilt thou be free  
From thy great Anxiety ?  
Dost thou strive for real Pleasure,  
And for Rest which has no Measure ?  
Give to Christ alone thy Love,  
Then thou'lt Rest and Joy enough.

V.

That thou hast 'midst all thy Wants  
Liv'd so long in Ignorance  
Of this heav'nly Bliss and Jewel,  
And pursu'd by hellish Fuel !  
O lament thy mispent Time,  
Careless of this Pearl divine.

VI.

Count all worldly Joy and Gain,  
But the Food of future Pain,

For

For the Trash of earthly Treasure  
Can't give Rest nor lasting Pleasure ;  
But the Love of Jesus is,  
Solid Rest and sov'reign Bliss.

VII.

Now my Jesus ! grant me Grace,  
That in all my future Days,  
I may make thy Love my Study,  
And abhor what's vain and muddy ;  
But to love thee, Lord ! I call,  
Shall be my best Wish and all.

VIII.

Pour the Spirit of thy Love  
With his Graces from above  
Into this my Heart and Center,  
That no unclean Thoughts may enter ;  
Fit it for a dwelling Place  
Of thy constant loving Grace.

IX.

O how blest that Soul must be  
Whose best Love is fix'd on Thee !  
Shuns the taste of sinful Pleasure,  
Making thee her only Treasure ;  
Thou to her art all in all,  
For her Breast th' whole World's too small.

X.

Rest, Security and Peace,  
Endless Joy and constant Ease,  
Is what, Christ ! thy Love is giving,  
Oh ! my Spirit wert thou living

In



In this Love of Christ alone,  
Help me, Lord, and 'twill be done.

XI.

God the Love, in whom He dwells,  
To pure Love He strait compels,  
That He's in us, we may know it  
By our loving Works, that shew it ;  
For the Spirit of the High'st  
Makes us love our God and Christ.

XII.

O thou pure and perfect Love,  
Come blest Spirit from above ;  
Fill me with thy holy Nature,  
Call to me by every Creature :  
Love but Christ and him alone,  
Lest thou art for ever undone.

J. C SCHADE.

---

Chearfulness of FAITH.

*War um solt ich mich denn gramen.*

I.

**W**HY should I continue grieving ?  
Ha'n't I still Christ my Hill,  
And my Saviour living ?  
Who'll deprive me of Salvation ?  
Which by Faith Jesus hath  
Giv'n in Expectation.

II.

Naked was my first Beginning  
On this Earth, at my Birth,

Full

Full of Tears and Sinning :  
Naked will be my returning,  
When the Damp of my Lamp  
Shall give over burning.

III.

Soul and Body, Life and Station,  
Aren't my own, God alone  
Gave me their Possession :  
When he claims their Restitution,  
I'll adore, and restore  
All without Confusion.

IV.

Doth he send me fore Correction,  
Must Distress still oppress,  
Should that cause Dejection ?  
God who sends it can soon end it,  
He knows best when my Rest  
Shall begin, and mend it.

V.

God has oft with Days of Gladness  
Chear'd my Heart, should I start  
At an Hour of Sadness ?  
He, whose Love outweighs his Vengeance,  
Can't reject with neglect  
My sincere Dependance.

VI.

Satan, World, in their grim Fancy,  
Cannot harm, tho' they swarm  
With their Crew against me :  
Let them vent their Spite and Fury,

God



God and Grace soon will chase,  
Rout them, and secure me.

VII.

With undaunted Resolution,  
Christian Heart ! where thou art,  
Stand without Confusion :  
Nay, shou'd Death with his last Message  
Call thee hence, Christ's Defence  
Leads through his dark Passage.

VIII.

Conquer'd Death cannot destroy us,  
But cuts short Grief and Smart,  
Which doth here annoy us ;  
Shuts the Door of Sin and Sadness,  
And makes Way for the Day  
Of eternal Gladness.

IX.

There I shall in Seas of Pleasure  
Bathe my Heart after Smart,  
Without End or Measure ;  
Here's no real Good to rest in,  
All our Gain is but vain,  
Perishing and wasting.

X.

World ! what are thy Goods and Chattles ?  
But a Hand full of Sand,  
Vain and empty Rattles ;  
Yonder are the solid Treasures,  
Where the Lord will afford,  
Endless Joys and Pleasures.

XI. Lord

## XI.

Lord my Spring of Consolation,  
 Thou art mine, I am Thine,  
 Here's no Separation ;  
 I am Thine, for Thou wert giving,  
 All thy Blood for my Good,  
 And my heav'nly Living.

## XII.

Thou art mine since I embrace Thee  
 With my Heart, ne'er to part,  
 Till thy Light solace me ;  
 Lord, haste on, translate me yonder,  
 Where thy Love shall improve,  
 To an endless Wonder.

P. GERHARD.

## RESIGNATION.

*Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethan.*

## I.

**W**HAT Thou my God dost, all's well  
 done,  
 Thy Will's most Just and Holy,  
 As Thou'lt dispose of all my own,  
 I rest in Thee most fully ;  
 Thou art my God whose loving Rod  
 Turns all my sore Distressings  
 Into the greatest Blessings.

## II.

What thou my God dost, all's well done,  
 Thou never wilt deceive me,           The



The straightest Path, thou lead'st me on,  
 Will ne'er of Bliss berave me ;  
 I patiently rely on thee,  
 Speak thou, my Trouble is mending,  
 On thee my All's depending.

## III.

What thou my God dost, all's well done,  
 Thy Care of me proves steady,  
 Thou my Physician, when I groan  
 Wilt not prescribe what's deadly ;  
 But give the Dose thou'st wisely chose  
 For my full Restoration,  
 O blessed Consolation.

## IV.

What thou my God dost, all's well done,  
 Thou art my Light and Living,  
 Thy Love to all beneath the Sun  
 Is doing Good and Giving,  
 To thee I leave my Joy and Grief,  
 For Time will soon discover  
 How kind my heav'nly Lover.

## V.

What thou my God dost, all's well done,  
 Tho' I must take the Chalice,  
 That's bitter to my nat'ral Man,  
 Yet weans me from my Follies ;  
 For thou at last wilt make me taste  
 Its Fruit of solid Gladness,  
 Then farewell Sin and Sadness.

## VI. What

## VI.

What thou my God dost, all's well done;  
 To this I stand for ever;  
 Let Sorrow, Sicknefs, Death come on,  
 Nought me from thee shall sever:  
 For thy Support will not fall short  
 To save me in that Crisis,  
 Then do what thy Love pleases.

---

## Of RESIGNATION.

*Gott wills machen, dafs die Sachen.*

## I.

**G**OD will make it, canst thou take it,  
 Things shall have a blessed End;  
 Let the crossing Waves be tossing,  
 Keep but close to Christ thy Friend.

## II.

He that's shrinking, whilst he's thinking,  
 Christ neglects his Pain and Grief;  
 Shall with Haring Doubts and Caring  
 Pay dear for his Unbelief.

## III.

Thou Neglector, thy Protector,  
 Never slept nor slumber'd yet;  
 Fix thine Eye on blessed Sion,  
 That keeps Faith and Hope discreet.

## IV.

His retarding of rewarding  
 Doth not change his loving Heart;

P

Be



Be thy whining ne'er so pining,  
Sure He knows thy bitter'st Smart.

V.

Trust thou rather, God thy Father  
Thy Salvation has decreed ;  
Resignation of thy Station  
Finds Redress in Time of Need.

VI.

Suck thou Sweetness from the Kisses  
Of thy Saviour's saving Rod ;  
He that guides it and provides it,  
Doth not hurt but lead to God.

VII.

Will thy quavering Thoughts be wavering,  
Cast them all into his Hand,  
Who To-morrow's Joys and Sorrows  
Still has at his sole Command.

VIII.

He thy Sov'reign all doth govern,  
His great Pow'r's of vast Extent ;  
Of thy Crosses and thy Losses  
He knows when to make an End.

IX.

His great Wonders are the Tinder,  
Where our Faith is catching Light ;  
All his Actions and Directions  
Prove his Wisdom infinite.

X.

When his Season comes, thy Reason  
Finds his helping Hand is nigh,

And

And to shame thee of thy Frailty  
'Twill come unexpectedly.

XI.

Selfwill'd chusing or refusing  
Seeks in all its Interest ;  
But when forcing must's indorsing,  
High Complaints break out at last.

XII.

Far more blessed all distressed,  
Who resign to Jesus' Will ;  
Who in Sadness and in Gladness  
With *Job's* Mind run parallel.

XIII.

Cast with Patience all Vexations  
In the Blood thy Saviour spilt ;  
Who'll be shifting Trials sifting,  
Doth but multiply his Guilt.

XIV.

Who're refusing Christ was chusing,  
And left as his prime Command,  
Shall with Terror see their Error,  
When they're plac'd at his left Hand.

XV.

But the Lovers and Improvers  
Of their Saviour's easy Yoke,  
Shall with Pleasure gain the Treasure  
Of their ever living Rock.

XVI.

Amen, Amen in the Name then  
Of my Jesus I'll be still ;



Be his Going and his Doing  
Where, how, when, and what He will.  
D. HERRNSCHMIDT.

---

Praise of God.

*Ich singe dir mit hertz und Mund.*  
*To the Tune, Shepherds rejoice.*

I.

**I** Sing to Thee with Heart and Tongue,  
Lord God, my Soul's Delight !  
Declaring to the World in Song  
The Knowledge of thy Might.

II.

I know, Thou art the Source of Grace,  
And our eternal Bliss,  
From whence devolves to human Race  
All real Happiness.

III.

What are we ? what do we possess  
Upon this earthly Ball,  
Thou, Father, in thy Tenderneſs  
Doſt not beſtow on all ?

IV.

Who ſpreads the lofty Firmament,  
And ſtarry Skies around ?  
Who makes the Dew and Rain deſcend,  
To water all the Ground ?

V. Who

V.

Who warms us 'midst the Frost and Snow ?  
Who skreens us from the Wind ?  
Who makes the Wine and Oil to grow  
To chear our Heart and Mind ?

VI.

Who doth preserve our Life and Health,  
Our Ease and safe Abode ?  
Who still secures our Peace and Wealth  
At home and from abroad ?

VII.

On Thee great God and Lord of Hosts,  
Depends our Life and All,  
Thou keep'st the Watch around our Coasts,  
And sav'st both great and small.

VIII.

Thou feed'st us all from Year to Year,  
Art ever kind and good,  
Reliev'st us when the Danger's near,  
And guard'st us from the Flood.

IX.

We Sinners feel thy chast'ning Hand  
But in a kind Degree,  
At last Thou fling'st our Sins like Sand,  
And drown'st them in the Sea.

X.

And when our Hearts groan out their Grief,  
Thy Pity doth renew,  
Thou send'st what makes for our Relief  
And for thy Glory too.

XI. Thou



XI.

Thou count'st a Christian's weeping Hours,  
Their Cause from whence they rise,  
The smallest Tears that e'er he pours,  
Thou keep'st within thine Eyes.

XII.

Thou Lord suppli'st the Wants of Life  
With everlasting Bliss,  
And tak'st us from this World of Strife,  
To thy own Realms of Peace.

XIII.

Then leap for Joy my Soul, and sing,  
And take new Courage up,  
For thy Creator God and King  
Is thy perpetual Prop.

XIV.

He is thy Portion and thy Love,  
Thy Comfort, and thine All,  
Can'st thou crave more in Heav'n above,  
Or on this Earthly Ball?

XV.

Why dost thou weep thine Eyes so dim,  
And griev'st both Day and Night?  
Cast all thy great Concerns on Him,  
Who gave the Life and Light.

XVI.

Has he not from thine early Days  
Maintain'd and nourish'd thee?  
Remind the many dang'rous Ways,  
From which he kept thee free.

XVII. H

## XVII.

He ne'er mistook one Step as yet  
 In his vast Government,  
 What he transacts or doth permit  
 Turns to a blessed End.

## XVIII.

Then let thy God without controul  
 Pursue his holy Ways ;  
 Thus Peace shall here attend thy Soul,  
 And there more joyful Days.

P. GERHARD.

---

## Praise of God.

*Lobe den herren den machtigen konig der Ehren.*

## I.

**P**RAISE thou, my Soul, the most mighty  
 and great King of Glory,  
 Whose wond'rous Mercies increase every  
 Moment before thee ;  
 All Hearts and Tongues ; Raise your  
 melodious Songs  
 To Him, whose Love will restore ye.

## II.

Praise thou the Lord, who so gloriously  
 every thing orders,  
 Whose gracious Providence carried thee  
 through many Borders ;

And



And still preserves all thy weak Sinew<sup>s</sup>  
and Nerves,

So great's the Love of thy Warders.

III.

Praise thou the Lord, for thy skilful and  
wondrous Formation,

And thy more marvellous Life and Health's  
kind Prolongation ;

How oft in Need did not thy God come  
with Speed

To secure thy Preservation ?

IV.

Praise thou the Lord, who has visibly blef-  
fed thy Station,

Whose Show'rs of Mercy have visited thine  
Habitation ;

[do,

Remember now what the Almighty can

Whose Love attends thine Occasion.

V.

All that's within me still praise the Lord's  
most glorious Essence,

All breathing Creatures exalt your Prefer-  
ver's kind Presence ;

He is our Light, praise him by Day and  
by Night,

In Jesu finish with Amen.

*Joachim.* NEANDER.

Praise of God.

*Hallelujah, Lob, Preiss und Ebr.*

*To the Tune,* How bright appears the Morning Star.

I.

[Praise

**H**ALLELUJAH, Love, Thanks and  
Be to our Sov'reign God of Grace  
For all his great Transactions!  
His Wondrous Name be e'er ador'd  
By all Mankind with one accord  
For his reveal'd Perfections :

O sing ! O bring  
Hallelujah to Jehovah, holy is God,  
He our God the Lord Sabbaoth.

II.

Hallelujah, Might, Majesty  
Be to the Lamb eternally,  
In whom we are elected !  
Who bought us with his precious Blood,  
Therewith baptiz'd us unto God,  
His Love unknown detected !

Sacred, Blessed [Pleasure,  
Is the Union and Communion, great's the  
We enjoy in Christ our Treasure.

III.

Hallelujah let every Coast  
Resound to God the Holy Ghost,

Who



Who has renew'd our Natures !  
Endow'd us with a living Faith,  
And turn'd our Feet to Jesus' Path,  
And made us Lamb-like Creatures !

O yes, here is  
Solid Gladness, real Fatness, heav'nly Manna,  
And the lasting true Hosanna.

IV.

Hallelujah, Love, Thanks and Praise  
Be to our Sov'reign God of Grace,  
And his great Name for ever !  
Proclaim with all th' Angelick Host,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
His everlasting Favour !

O sing ! O bring  
Hallelujah to Jehovah, holy is God,  
He our God the Lord Sabbath.

NEANDER.

---

Evening HYMN.

*Der Tag ist bin.*

I.

[tector,

**T**HE Day is gone, come Jesu my Pro-  
Thou Light of Souls, and sinful  
Nights Corrector ;

Arise in me Thou Sun of Righteousness,  
Enlighten me, for Lord, I want thy Grace,

II. The

II.

The best of Thanks, Lord ! be to Thee  
directed,

The Glory's Thine, that all is well effected  
Thro' thy Decree, though that's un-  
known to me,

Thou art most Just, whate'er its Issue be.

III.

Yet one thing still o'erwhelms me with Con-  
fusion,

Inconstancy oft shakes my Resolution ;

As thou well know'st, who searches  
Hearts and Reins,

I stumble oft as Child of little Sense.

IV.

Forgive the Guilt that drives me from thy  
Graces,

Sin, Satan, World, thrust me from thine  
Embraces,

Yet I repent, and raise a new Design,

Assist me, Lord ! be mine, I will be Thine.

V.

*Israel's* Support ! my Shepherd and my  
Warder !

Unsheath thy Sword, and stop my Foes  
Disorder ;

Defend thou me thro' thine Almighty  
Pow'r,

When *Beliel's* Crew my Soul seeks to de-  
vour.

VI. Thou



## VI.

Thou slumber'st not, when weary Limbs  
are sleeping,

Oh ! let my Soul dwell safe within thy keep-  
ing ;

Thou Source of Life ! refresh my Mind  
anon,

I cleave to Thee, my Rock ! the Day is  
gone.

*J.* NEANDER.

## Evening HYMN.

*Nun ruhen alle Walder.*

*To the Tune,* Here World see thy Redeemer.

## I.

**N**OW Woods and Fields are quiet,  
Men cease from Noise and Riot,  
The Lab'ers go to Rest :  
But thou my Soul and Spirit,  
Exalt thy Saviour's Merit,  
And strive, how thou shalt please Him best.

## II.

The Sun has hid his Glances,  
And gloomy Night advances,  
The Day-light's Enemy ;  
Farewell the bright Solaces  
Of Christ the Son of Graces  
Shine in my Heart most chearfully.

III. The

III.

The Day-light now is vanish'd,  
And th' azure Sky's replenish'd  
With sparkling Stars around :  
Thus shall I shine before Thee,  
When thou the Lord of Glory  
Shalt place me on immortal Ground.

IV.

Tir'd Limbs for Rest are pressing,  
My Garments in undressing  
Are Tokens of our Fall :  
But Christ ! thy Restoration  
Gain'd Robes of true Salvation,  
To clothe my naked Soul withal.

V.

Head, Hands and Feet now weary,  
Be glad that Rest's so near ye,  
Your Toil is at a Stand :  
My Heart look up with Gladness,  
For all thy Pain and Sadness  
Through Christ shall have a blessed End.

VI.

Now go ye weary Members,  
Retire into your Chambers,  
The Bed's for you prepar'd :  
The Time and Hour is waiting  
For your most sure Retreating  
To rest within your Mother-Earth.

VII.

Mine Eye-lids tir'd with waking  
Will soon fall fast with taking      Their



Their Rest: But Life and Soul,  
I leave to Thee my Jesus  
And thy protecting Graces,  
My God, my Shepherd, and my All!

VIII.

Extend thy Wings and Favour  
On me most gracious Saviour,  
And keep me close to Thee:  
When Satan will devour me,  
Let th' Angels-Guards sing o'er me;  
" This Child shall unmolested be.

IX.

And ye my dear Relations!  
May God secure your Stations  
From Harm of any kind:  
Rest under Christ's Pavilion,  
Then shall no hostile Million  
Disturb your Body, Soul or Mind.

---

Praise after MEAT.

*Nun laßt uns Gott den Herren.*

*To the Tune, My Soul awake and tender.*

I.

**N**OW let us praise with Fervour  
Our Lord and kind Preserver,  
Who has with his good Creatures  
Refresh'd our needy Natures.

II. Our

II.

Our Body, Soul and Spirit,  
Rais'd by our Saviour's Merit,  
Still owe their Preservation  
T' his daily new Creation.

III.

Our Food He is providing,  
The Soul is still abiding,  
Tho' deadly Wounds discover  
The Fall from our great Lover.

IV.

Yet there's a sure Physician  
That cures our sad Condition,  
'Tis Christ whose blest Oblation  
Retriev'd our lost Salvation.

V.

His Baptism, Word, and Supper  
Checks ev'ry sinful Uproar,  
By Faith the Sacred Spirit  
Applies his saving Merit.

VI.

He pardons our Transgressings,  
Endows us with his Blessings,  
In Heav'n's our Expectation  
Of tasting full Salvation.

VII.

O Lord ! enlarge the Savour  
Of thy preserving Favour,  
That all, thy Name do mention  
May answer thine Intention.

VIII. Thy



## VIII.

Thy Truth, which never varies,  
 Thy Love that never wearies,  
 Grant us and all that say then,  
 Through Christ a faithful Amen.

HELMBOLD.

*Daily Renewal of the Baptismal Covenant.*

## I.

**I** Am baptiz'd in thy Name precious,  
 God Father, Son, and holy Ghost;  
 Poor I am, one of thy Seed gracious,  
 The Flock to thee a hallow'd Host:  
 I am implanted into Christ  
 And with his holy Spirit baptiz'd,

## II.

Now as thy Child and Heir I'm owned,  
 My Father dear, by Thee thy Blood;  
 O Saviour true all Sin hath drowned,  
 And all my Wants thy Death made good.  
 Thou'lt, O Spirit, kind to me  
 In ev'ry Strait my Comfort be.

## III.

I have engag'd to fear and love Thee,  
 Truth and Obedience to shew;  
 'Twas my own Choice alone did move me  
 Thus to be thine, O make me true,  
 Again I have renounc'd the Fiend  
 And all his Works to my Life's End.

## IV. This

## IV.

This Cov'nant, faithful God, will ever  
 Remain, on thy Part, firm and sure,  
 And, tho' weak I transgress, let never  
 Thy Grace depart, keep me secure,  
 Whene'er I slip, then mark my Pain,  
 Restore me to thy Grace again.

## V.

My God, to thee myself I'm giving  
 Heart, Soul and Body, here anew ;  
 New Grace may I be now receiving  
 To be of faithful Mind and true ;  
 No drop of Blood within me run  
 Which does not beat, *Thy Will be done.*

## VI.

Away, thou darksom Prince true stiled,  
 With thee I've no Connection more,  
 And tho' my Conscience be defiled,  
 My Saviours Blood washes it o'er.  
 Away, vain World and Sin depart,  
 God knows, from you is freed my Heart.

## VII.

Let this my Purpose stagger never,  
 God Father, Son, and holy Ghost,  
 Keep me within thy Cov'nant ever,  
 Till by thy Will my Breath is lost.  
 Thus unto Thee I live and die  
 And praise Thee to Eternity.

*Wer*



---

*Wer ist wohl vie du.*

I.

**W**HO is like thee ; who ?  
Sweetest Rest, Jesu !  
To thy Beauty nothing reaches :  
Thou'rt the Life of undone Wretches,  
Thou art their Light too,  
Sweetest Rest, Jesu !

II.

Life ! thou dyd'st for me,  
From all Misery  
And Distress, me to deliver ;  
My Transgressions thou didst cover  
And from Misery  
Brought'st me to God nigh.

III.

Highest King and Priest,  
Prophet, Lord and Christ !  
Thy dear Scepter is embraced  
By me at thy Feet abased ;  
Mary's Place, thy Feet,  
Are my happy Seat.

IV.

Quite in thee draw me,  
That for Love to thee,  
I may meet ; and daily bolder  
Cast all Mis'ry on thy Shoulder,

Which

Which I feel in me ;  
Draw me quite in thee.

V.

Wake me right, that so  
I my Course pursue,  
Towards thee, with Love most tender ;  
So that Satan me can't hinder  
By his Craft or Force,  
Further thou my Course.

VI.

Give me Courage Good,  
That my Wealth and Blood,  
I may lose for thee with Gladness,  
And hate Flesh's lustful Madness.  
Grant me this, my God !  
Thro' thy precious Blood.

A P-



---

---

APPENDIX, *or* SUPPLEMENT, *to the* Psalmodia Germanica.

*Sch mu ke dich, O liebe Seele.*

I.

**T**Rim thy Lamp, O Soul betroth'd!  
Sin or Darkneſs be quite loathed;  
Come into the Light where cleareſt,  
Duly mind what Dreſs thou weareſt;  
For the gracious Lord by Token,  
Hath thee as his Gueſts beſpoken:  
He who Heav'n's Expanſe can manage,  
Will now reſt in thy poor Cottage.

II.

Haſten as for Brides is fitting,  
Give thy Bridegroom ſoon the Meeting,  
Who knocks ſoft with Grace's Hammer,  
On the Door of thy Heart's Chamber;  
Open the Spirit's Portals ſpeedy,  
With thy Heart's Addreſs be ready.  
“ Come, my Friend, (ſay) let me kiſs thee,  
“ Hold thee faſt, and ne'er diſmiſs thee.

III.

Equal Money is deſired,  
E're choice Goods can be acquired;  
But thou for thy Grace Profuſion,  
Lord expreſs'd no Retribution:      Since

Since indeed in all her Quarries,  
 No such Jewel the Earth carries,  
 Which thy Manna and Blood's Treasure,  
 Could repay in any Measure.

## IV.

How do I with Spirits hunger,  
 Lamb, to taste thy Goodness linger:  
 O how use I oft with crying,  
 After this Food to be sighing !  
 O how use I to be thirsting,  
 For the Drink from Life's Prince bursting !  
 All my Bones with God connected,  
 This I wish through Christ effected.

## V.

Tender Joy and Child-like trembling,  
 I find in me, past dissembling,  
 For the Food to which I'm bidden,  
 And its Mode and Manner hidden,  
 Give me Cause for Exclamation,  
 Lord, how great's thy Operation !  
 Who can paint with Reason's Pencil,  
 Thy Omnipotence's Counsel ?

## VI.

No, our Mind is far too shallow,  
 In this Wonder thee to follow ;  
 How thy Bread's ne'er spent nor wasted,  
 Though by many Thousands tasted ;  
 How we with thy Grape's Production,  
 Get Christ's Blood by mystic Suction.



O the Wonders deep and blessed,  
By God's Spirit alone expressed.

## VII.

Jesu ! Sun which me enlightens,  
And my poor Existence brightens ;  
Ground of my Salvation's Structure,  
My Life's Source, my Thoughts Instructor :  
At thy Feet I here fall prostrate,  
Thy Aim let me no Ways frustrate ;  
But to the bettering my Condition,  
And thy Praise, share this Nutrition.

## VIII.

Thou thro' Love incomparable,  
Didst from Heav'n stoop to a Stable ;  
Thy pure Life, us to recover,  
To Death's Fury didst yield over,  
And for Ransom peremptory,  
Gav'st thy Blood, O Lord of Glory !  
This affords Exhilaration,  
In thy Love's Commemoration.

## IX.

Jesu, Bread of Life most dainty,  
Be this all to me not empty ;  
Much less let me, to my Damage,  
Draw nigh, without hearty Homage :  
But let me amidst this eating,  
Thy Love's Depth be penetrating,  
Till I hence shall make Transition,  
To th' eternal Feat's Fruition.

*Mein Salomo dein freundliches regiern.*

## I.

**M**Y Salomon, thy kind and gracious  
Scepter,  
Asswages all the Grief that burthens me,  
When my poor Heart but turns itself to thee,  
Then is thy peaceful Spirit my Preceptor ;  
Thy loving Look so warms and melts my  
Heart,  
That Fear and Restlessness must soon depart.

## II.

The Gifts of my Beloved they are so noble,  
That all the World cannot the like afford :  
What are the Treasures which the World  
doth hoard ?  
To comfort weary Souls they are not able ;  
But Jesus is, and doth 't abundantly ;  
The whole World's Joy will fail, but never  
he.

## III.

My sweetest Friend, when round my poor  
Heart gather  
Thy Flames of Love, and gently pierce it  
thro',  
Then shines in me a Light quite pure and  
new,  
By which I reach the Heart of the kind  
Father,

Which



Which with Forgiving Tendernefs is fill'd,  
One Wave of Grace is by the other swell'd.

## IV.

That which the Law could have bestowed  
never,

All this is then produced alone by Grace:  
This does to Holinefs a Liking raife,  
This changes and reforms the whole Beha-  
viour;

Thou'rt led from Strength to Strength im-  
patiently,  
And with long Suff'ring, Grace doth go-  
vern thee.

## V.

O! may my Heart none else but Chrift be  
eying:

Come vifit me, my Day fpring from on  
high,

So that the Light of thy Light I can fpy,  
On Grace's Bottom ftedfaftly relying:

O may no Fault be e'er fo great in me,  
As t' intercept the Love that darts from  
thee.

## VI.

When I'm caft down before thee by my  
Failing,

When ever thy Spirit in me feels a Damp,  
Or when the Law ftrives to put out my  
Lamp,

Of Faith, and to make Fear and Grief  
prevailing, Then

Then let me view thy tender BrotherHeart,  
This will new Strength and Confidence  
impart.

## VII.

And now I rest my Love in thy Embraces,  
Thou art alone my everlasting Peace :  
I wrap and wind my self in thy Peace,  
Thy Element is th' Ocean of thy Mercies,  
And since thou, Jesu, art my all in one,  
I have that which my Heart can feed upon.

*FINIS.*





The *E N G L I S H*

*I N D E X.*

*A*

<i>ALL the World exalt the Lord</i>	Page. 189
<i>A Lamb goes forth and bears the guilt</i>	201
<i>Another Step is made with GOD</i>	242
<i>Alone in GOD put thou thy Trust</i>	90
<i>All Glory to the Sov'rein Good</i>	130
<i>And now another Day is gone</i>	153

*B*

<i>Before thy Throne I now appear</i>	150
---------------------------------------	-----

*C*

<i>Come, let us all with Fervour</i>	9
<i>Christ, thy holy Wounds and Passion</i>	16
<i>Christ was to Death abased</i>	22
<i>Come, holy Ghost! come Lord our God</i>	26
<i>Christ th' eternal lamb of GOD</i>	43
<i>Christ crucify'd my Soul by Faith</i>	213
<i>Commit thy Ways and Goings</i>	47
<i>Come and hear the sacred Story</i>	58
<i>Come hither! saith our blessed Lord</i>	101
<i>Christ everlasting Source of Light</i>	156
<i>Christ is my light and Treasure</i>	176

*D*

<i>Due Praises to th' incarnate Love</i>	5
<i>Dearest Jesu, we are here</i>	55

*Enlighten*

# I N D E X.

## E

<i>Enlighten me my Light</i>	225
<i>Eternity tremendous Word</i>	182
<i>Eternity, delightful Sound</i>	186

## F

<i>Father thy eternal Kindness</i>	61
<i>Faithful God I lay before thee</i>	98
<i>From God, the Lord my Saviour</i>	114
<i>Father, Lord of Mercy</i>	161

## G

<i>GOD the Father our Defence</i>	36
<i>Great God in thee I put my Trust</i>	96
<i>Greatest High Priest Saviour Christ</i>	111
<i>GOD the Lord of the Creation</i>	148
<i>GOD will make it, can'st thou take it.</i>	

## H

<i>How shall I meet my Saviour</i>	2
<i>He reigns, the Lord our Saviour reigns</i>	15
<i>He that confides in his Creator</i>	45
<i>Here World see thy Redeemer</i>	205
<i>How bright appears the Morning Star</i>	142
<i>Hallelujah, love, Thanks and Praise</i>	263

## I

<i>In me resume thy Dwelling</i>	31
<i>Is GOD withdrawing? All the Cost</i>	44
<i>Jesu! my Heart's most joyful Rest</i>	195
<i>Jesus! Jesus! nought but Jesus</i>	200
<i>Jesu! teach me most exactly</i>	236
<i>Jesu, grant Thou me thy Fullness</i>	238
<i>In thee Lord Christ is fix'd my Hope</i>	73

Q 2

Jesu!



# I N D E X.

<i>Jesu! Source of gladness</i>	108
<i>In GOD the Lord most</i>	117
<i>Is GOD for me? what is it</i>	119
<i>I sing to thee with Heart and Tongue</i>	258
<i>I am baptiz'd in thy Name precious</i>	270

## L

<i>Lord thine Image thou hath lent</i>	41
<i>Lord Christ th' eternal Father's</i>	191
<i>Lord Saviour Christ, my Sov'reign Good</i>	229
<i>Lord Jesu! Sun of Graces</i>	234
<i>Lord Christ reveal thy holy Face</i>	53
<i>Lord raise in me a constant Flame</i>	86
<i>Lord Jesu, blessed Prince of Peace</i>	164
<i>Lord Jesu Fountain of my Life</i>	173

## M

<i>My Father form thy Child according</i>	11
<i>My Soul! exalt the Lord thy GOD</i>	125
<i>My Soul awake and tender</i>	147
<i>My Life I now to God resign</i>	177
<i>My Salomon</i>	277

## N

<i>Now the Saviour comes indeed</i>	1
<i>Now come ye Christians all and</i>	38
<i>Now let each humble Creature</i>	192
<i>Never will I part with Christ</i>	113
<i>Now let us praise the Lord</i>	124
<i>Now give Thanks, ye old and young</i>	160
<i>Now Woods and Fields are quiet</i>	266
<i>Now let us praise with fervour.</i>	

# I N D E X.

## O

<i>O Lamb of God our Saviour !</i>	18
<i>O boundless Grief</i>	21
<i>O thou sweetest Source of Gladness</i>	27
<i>O Christ, my sweetest Life and Light</i>	219
<i>O my Soul, desir'st thou Rest</i>	247
<i>O Jesu ! Bridegroom of my Soul</i>	56
<i>O GOD, my Lord</i>	71
<i>Out of the Deeps of dark Distress</i>	78
<i>O my God, avert the Storm</i>	79
<i>Our whole Salvation doth depend</i>	82
<i>Our Father, who from above</i>	88
<i>O Lord how many Miseries</i>	105
<i>O Lord in Mercy cast an Eye</i>	145

## R

<i>Raise your Devotions mortal Tongues</i>	25
<i>Rouse thyself, my Soul and dwell</i>	209
<i>Retaine thy own Possession</i>	215
<i>Rouse my Soul and gather</i>	155
<i>Remove from us, O faithful God</i>	166

## S

<i>Shepherds rejoice, lift up your Eyes</i>	7
<i>Sure as I live, thy Maker saith</i>	75
<i>Shew Pity, Lord ! O Lord forgive !</i>	76
<i>Soul, what Return hath thy Creator</i>	112
<i>Sba'nt I sing to my Creator ?</i>	135
<i>Sleep well, my Dear, sleep safe</i>	168

## T

<i>To Day the Lord in Triumph reigns</i>	24
<i>To our Almighty gracious God</i>	35



# I N D E X.

<i>To GOD let all the human Race</i>	37
<i>Thy Soul, my Jesu! hallow mine</i>	214
<i>To thee Jehovah, I'll be singing</i>	231
<i>Tell me no more of golden Treasures</i>	245
<i>To thee O Lord, I sent my Cries</i>	94
<i>Thee Lord I love with sacred Awe</i>	172
<i>'Tis sure, that awful Time will come</i>	180
<i>The Day is gone</i>	264
<i>Trim thy Lamp, O Soul betroth'd</i>	274

## V.

<i>Vain foolish Men profanely boast</i>	67
---	----

## W

<i>With this new Year we raise new Songs</i>	8
<i>When Christ hung on the cursed Tree</i>	19
<i>What to do in my Condition</i>	240
<i>Why should I continue grieving</i>	250
<i>What thou my God dost all's well</i>	253
<i>Why thus with grief oppress my Hears</i>	50
<i>When Adam fell the Frame intire</i>	68
<i>What Thanks can I repay to thee</i>	127
<i>Wonderful Creator</i>	130
<i>With what fervour of Devotion</i>	138
<i>When we are under great Distress</i>	163
<i>Who is like thee, who?</i>	

## Y

<i>Ye Christians pluck your Courage up</i>	170
--	-----

# INDEX

Page.

## A

<b>A</b> UF diesen Tag bedencken wir	25
Allein Gött in der Hob sey	35
Ach was soll ich Sunder machen	240
Ach sagt mir nichts von Gold und Schätzen	245
Ach Gott und Herr !	71
Allein zu dir Herr Jesu Christ	73
Aus tieffer Noth schrey ich zu dir	78
Allein auf Gott setz dein Vertraun	90
Ach Gott wie manches Hertzeleyd	105
Huf meinen lieben Gott	117
Ach Gott vom Himmel sieh darein	145
Ach lieben Christen seyd getrost	170

## B.

Befiehl du deine Wege	47
-----------------------	----

## C

Christ lag in Todes Banden	22
Christe der du bist Tag und Licht	158
Christus der ist mein Leben	176

## D.

Das alte Jahr vergangen ist	8
Da Jesus an dem Creutze stund	19
Die Seele Christi heilige mich	214
Dir Dir, Jehovah will ich singen	231
Durch	



# I N D E X.

<i>Durch Adam's Fall ist gantz verderbt</i>	68
<i>Den vater dort oben</i>	161
<i>Du Friede Fürst Herr Jesu Christ</i>	164
<i>Der Tag is bin</i>	264

## E

<i>Ein Lamtein geht und traght die Schuld</i>	201
<i>Er lencht mich Her mein Licht</i>	225
<i>Es spricht der unweisen Mund wol</i>	67
<i>Erbarm dich mein O Herre Gott</i>	76
<i>Es ist das Heyl uns kommen her</i>	82
<i>Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott</i>	118
<i>Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit</i>	180

## F

<i>Fur deinen Thron tret ich hiemit</i>	150
---	-----

## G

<i>Gelobet Seystu Jesu Christ</i>	5
<i>Gott der Vater wohn uns bey</i>	36
<i>Gott sey danck in aller Welt</i>	189
<i>Ge creutzigter! mein Hertze sucht</i>	213
<i>Gott lob! ein schritt zur Ewig heit</i>	242
<i>Gott des Himmels und der Erden</i>	148
<i>Gott wills machen, das die Sachen</i>	255

## H

<i>Helfft mir Gottes Gutle preisen</i>	9
<i>Heut triumphiret Gottes Sohn</i>	24
<i>Herr Gott dich loben alle wir</i>	37
<i>Herr Christ der einige Gotter Sohn</i>	191
<i>Herr Jesu Christ du hochstes But</i>	229
<i>Herr Jesu Gnaden Sonne</i>	234
<i>Herr Jesu Christ dich zu uns wend</i>	53
<i>Hilff</i>	

# I N D E X.

Hilff mir mein Gott ! Hilff das nach dir	86
Hochster Priester der du dich	111
Her tzlich lieb hab dich, O Herr !	172
Herr Jesu Christ meus Lebens Lcbit	173
Hallelujah, Lob, Preiss und Ebr	263

## I.

Jesu, deine heilige Wunden	16
Jesus Christus gottes Lamm	43
Jesus ! Jesus ! nichts als Jesus	200
Jesu lehre mich recht thatlich	236
Jesu gib mir deine Fulle	238
Ich ruff zu dir Herr Jesu Christ	94
In dich hab ich gehoffet Herr	96
Jesu meine Freude	108
Ist Gott fur mich so trete	119
Ich hab mein sach Gott beim gestelit	177
Ich Singe dir mit hertz und mund	258

## K

Komm heileger geist Herre Golt	26
Kommt last euch den Herren lehren	58
Kommt her zu mir spricht Gottes Sohn	101

## L

Lobt Gott ihr Christen all Zugleich	7
Liebe die du mich zum Bilde	41
Liebster Jesu wir find hier	55
Lobe den Herren den machtigen Ronig	261

## M

Mein Vater zeuge mich dein Kind	11
Mein Hertzens Jesu ! meine lust	195
Meine Seel Ermuntre dich	209
Meine	



# I N D E X.

Meine Seele wile du rubn	247
Meine Hoffnung stehet feste	48
Meinen Jesum las ich nicht	113
Mein Salomo	277

## N

Nun komm der Heyden Heyland	1
Nun freut euch lieben Christen gemein	38
Nun laß uns gehn und treten	192
Nun dancket alle Gott	124
Nun lob mein Seel den Herren	125
Nun sich der Tag geendet hat	153
Nimm von uns Herr du treuer Gott	166
Nun ruben alle Walder	266
Nun laß uns Gott den Heeren	268

## O

O Lamm Gottes unschuldig	18
O Frau rigkeit	21
O du aller süßte Freude	27
O Welt! sieh hier dein Leben	105
O Jesu Christ mein schönstes Licht	219
O Jesu du mein Brautigam	56
O Ewigkeit! du Donner Wort	182
O Ewigkeit! du Freuden-Wort	186

## S

So wahr ich lebe, spricht dein Gott	75
Straff mich nicht in deinen Zorn	79
Sey lob und Ehr dem höchsten gut	131
Solt ich meinem Gott nicht singen	134
Singen wir aus Hertzen Grund	160
Schlaß sanfft und wobi, schlaß liebes Kind	163
Schmake	

# I N D E X.

*Sch mu ke dich O-liebe Zeele* 274

## T

*Treuer Vater deine liebe* 61

*Treuer Gott ich muss dir klagen* 98

## V

*Vater unser im Himmelreich* 88

*Von Gott will ich nicht lassen* 114

## W

*Wie soll ich dich empfangen* 2

*Wo Gott zum Haufs nicht gibt sein Gunst* 44

*Wer nur den lieben Gott last walten* 45

*War um solt ich mich denn gramen* 250

*Was Gott thut, das ist wohl gethat* 253

*Warum betrubtstu dich mein Hertz* 50

*Wohl dem Menschen der nicht wandelt* 53

*Was kan ich doch fur Danck* 127

*Wanderbarer Konig* 130

*Womit soll ich dich wohl loben* 138

*Wie schon leucht uns der Morgan Stern* 142

*Wach auf mein Hertz und singe* 147

*Werde munter mein Gemuthe* 155

*Wenn wir in hochsten Nothen seyn* 163

## Z

*Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren* 31

*Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren* 215

# F I N I S.